

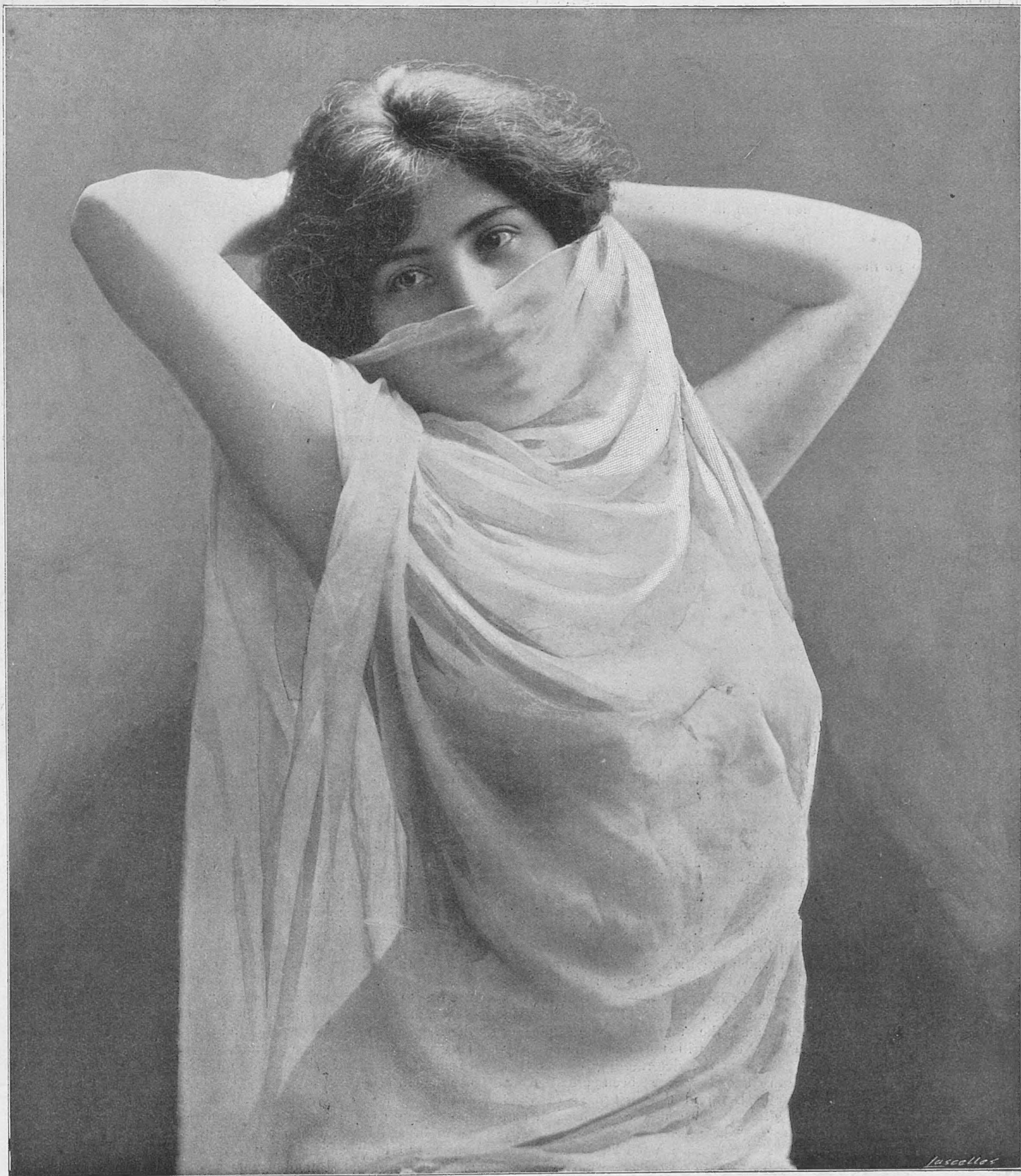
The Sketch



No. 459.—VOL. XXXVI

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MDLLE. MARGUERITE GAUTIER, A PARISIAN ACTRESS FAMED FOR HER BEAUTY.

It is to be hoped that Marguerite Gautier will have a happier fate than that which befell her famous namesake in "The Lady of the Camellias." French actresses and singers have a curious love of assuming names of famous heroines, and there are at the present moment among the flying squadron of Parisian beauties a Jeanne d'Arc, a Louise de la Valière, and others. This Photograph is by Gerschel, of Paris (supplied by the Press Picture Agency).

THE CLUBMAN.

*The King's Birthday—The Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester—
The Birthday Honours—The Indian Princes and the Coronation—
The Durbar at Delhi.*

THE KING spent his sixtieth birthday in the quietude of home life, with his children and his grandchildren round him, at Sandringham. This, the King's own private property, is the favourite residence both with himself and with the Queen, for there they can live the simple English country life, less fettered in their own home than in any of the Royal Palaces by the ceremonies that surround the wearers of crowns. His Majesty becomes for a happy week a Norfolk Squire on the best of terms with his neighbours; Her Majesty amuses herself with her dogs and other pets, and reviews all her model farm and dairy establishments. The Prince of Wales, who is an admirable shot, delights in the splendid shooting the Sandringham covers afford, and the little Princes and Princesses revel, as all children do, in the freedom of the country. This week the Court has moved to Windsor, and the coverts there are being shot.

The bestowal of the titles of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester upon the Duke of Cornwall and York gives importance to this year's list of Birthday Honours, and may be looked on as the last of the many pleasant incidents of the great tour. The legends that are connected with the Princedom of Wales are in the knowledge of every schoolboy, and the Earldom has also its historical interest. There were Saxon Earls, and in Chester Harold's Queen found a refuge after the Battle of Hastings. Gherbod, a Fleming, and Hugh Lupus, the Conqueror's nephew, were the first Norman Earls. It was in 1237 that, on the death of Earl John, Henry III. seized the Earldom and constituted it an appanage of the Crown, more than half a century before the first English Prince of Wales was created.

Of the other Birthday Honours, the most noticeable, because they have not come in the usual routine of official advancement, are the membership of the Privy Council bestowed on the Duke of Buccleuch, a great landowner in Scotland; the baronetcy conferred on the ex-Lord Mayor, an unexpected honour which has come to him owing to his having occupied the civic chair during the year that saw the King's accession to the Throne; and the Companionship of the Bath which has been given to Mr. Clinton Dawkins, now a partner in the great Anglo-American firm of Morgan and Co., of which Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the head. This award must be looked on as a somewhat belated recognition of the splendid work Mr. Dawkins did in Egypt and India while he was still a Civil Servant. Sir Henry Johnston's "K.C.M.G." is an acknowledgment of the excellent work he did in consolidating the Uganda Protectorate, not a reward for the discovery of the new animal with which his name is associated now being exhibited at the Natural History Museum. Sir Giuseppe Carboni, the other recipient of the same honour, is the Chief Justice of the Island of Malta, and his position during the recent squabbles as to the use of the English language in the Courts of the island has been one requiring much tact. The Knight Commandership of the Bath bestowed on Sir Montagu Ommanney, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, is part of the aftermath of decorations connected with the Prince of Wales's tour, and so is the "C.M.G." with which Commander Winsloe, of the *Ophir*, has been honoured.

The selection of the native Princes who are to represent the aristocracy of India at the King's Coronation is a good one, for all the heads of the greatest nations which constitute our Empire in the East—nations as distinct from each other in language and religion as those of Europe—will be represented. Some of the Princes who will be the nation's guests are not well known over here. The Rajah of Nabha, who, I fancy, will pay next year his first visit to this country, is the beau-ideal of a Sikh Prince of the old type. He is a splendid man to look upon, with fine features and a long white beard. He is a very enlightened ruler, but is of the type of the great men of the old days of India, civilised to the highest degree, but not Europeanised. The Maharajah Pertab Singh, who is well known and much liked in England, who has played polo at Ranelagh and Hurlingham, and was one of London's great lions through the Season of the last Jubilee year, is in his way just as admirable a ruler as the Rajah of Nabha, but is of the new type on whom Europe has left a strong impression. Seeing these two great native noblemen together, we shall have two examples of the best rulers in India. The accommodation that can be set apart for native Indian Princes during next year is, of course, limited, and one of the matters on which the Princes are very touchy is that they should be royally lodged. When the Maharajah Holkar was last over here, his ill-temper was chiefly owing to the fact that he was not housed in a Palace, but sent to a hotel. This difficulty in finding suitable accommodation, and the impossibility of placing them at any ceremony in a way that will not hurt the dignity of some of them, have no doubt been the determining causes that so small a number of Indian Princes have been asked over. Attendance at the great Durbar at Delhi in the first days of 1903 is to be considered a substitute for presence at the Coronation, and in the City of the Moguls questions of precedence are more easily arranged. At the last great Delhi Durbar, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, the vast tent in which the Princes and Rajahs assembled to hear the proclamation read was a round one, and all the great nobles were in a circle, with their banners displayed behind them, thus giving the "pas" to no one more than to the others.

"OLD CHINA," AT THE EMPIRE.

I CANNOT help thinking that we owe no small part of the Empire's new ballet to Antoine Watteau, who has been dead nearly two hundred years. Last Wednesday night, my thoughts travelled repeatedly to three famous pictures by the great French painter, the "Ball Under a Colonnade," the "Fête Champêtre," and the "Minuet in a Garden." One is in Dulwich, another in Edinburgh, the third as far away as the Hermitage Gallery of St. Petersburg. The stage has never realised the spirit that Watteau expressed on his canvases as it has been realised for the Empire by Mr. Wilhelm, M. Wenzel, and Madame Katti Lanner. They share the accomplishment between them—one could not dispense with colour, movement, or sound.

The story is simple and prettily told. Certain rare porcelain figures on a mantelshelf wake to life at the witching hour of midnight. These are a Courtier and his lady, a shepherd and his shepherdess. Inspired by a little genius of mischief, the Courtier flirts with the shepherdess, who, to avoid the shepherd's rebuke, escapes into Arcadia, whither we follow her. In Arcadia, Nature and the architect have wrought in porcelain; there is Old China everywhere. One knows how the story has to be worked out, that the Chelsea Courtier will be reconciled to his Dresden lady, that shepherd and shepherdess will be united once more—in Arcadia nothing different could occur—but interest is claimed less by the story than by the exquisite series of stage-pictures, the extreme grace of grouping and dancing, and by the music, which has the effervescent, sparkling quality of fine champagne.

We have Dresden china without the lifelessness that even Kändler's Dresden ware cannot subdue, there is a show of old Chelsea that would have delighted George II., and the Sèvres china dresses, of which the best are reserved for the last moments of the ballet, baffle description. Mr. Wilhelm has given us the exquisite colours whose secrets the Sèvres people probably got from Persia; we see the *gros bleu*, the *bleu du roi*, and the exquisite pink beloved of La Pompadour and called the "Rose du Barry." There are dresses recalling the rare, jewelled Sèvres work on a ground of *bleu du roi*, and, as the figures move on a pure white stage in a gold frame, the illusion is complete. Excepting the final tableau of the "Monte Cristo" ballet, I have seen nothing like this at the Empire, and the tableau referred to was not nearly so ambitious. The spirit of Watteau, who worked under many disheartening circumstances, seems to shed light upon the Empire's three great wonder-workers—Madame Lanner, M. Leopold Wenzel, and Mr. Wilhelm. They know that ballet has fallen from its high estate and has come to be lightly esteemed; but they are undismayed, and give us of their best in the spirit that Watteau painted his "Ball Under a Colonnade." It may be that there is no Arcadian pleasure in the world or out of it, but while we can believe that there may be, we are the happier.

Several of the Company have told me that they have not had such difficult work for some time, and they are justified in saying so; in "Old China" the *corps de ballet* has as much to do as the principals. Of the latter, Adeline Genée must be highly praised, since, in addition to delightful dancing, which keeps in perfect time with every detail of the music, she plays her small part with dignity and intelligence. Ada Vincent and May Paston do enough to show that they can assume the mantle of pantomime when it falls upon them; their work is very clever and pleasant to watch. Miss Papucci and Mdlle. Cora have some pretty dancing, but Will Bishop's dance brings him right out of the picture and the period, and should be changed without delay for something more appropriate. He is supposed to be a Courtier, not a comedian. I am sure that so clever an actor and dancer as Will Bishop will be quick to avail himself of a chance of changing the measure.

In the first tableau of "Old China" the figures are doubled, with a result that is intended to present the effect of a mirror. This is an ingenious device, and one that has not been practised for many years in the history of ballet. Thanks to the precise drilling of the doubles, it succeeds, but the view of the auditorium which appears as a backcloth is by no means convincing. Happily, the pantomime occupies the attention of the house, and the second tableau makes complete amends for any shortcoming of the first. For splendour that recalls a distinct period, and takes history for its guide, I do not think the Empire has done anything more remarkable than the second tableau of "Old China" throughout all its brilliant career—it is a veritable apotheosis of pastoral ballet. Not only has it been produced regardless of expense, but lavishness has been carried to an extent that can hardly be appreciated until one has seen the costumes closely enough to realise their extreme beauty. Whether all this embellishment can be seen from the greater part of the auditorium is a question that would be hard to answer. There is much gilding of refined gold and painting of lilies, but I would not like to stigmatise the process as "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

One fact stands out prominently in connection with this production: the Empire is now the only house in England where ballet can be seen. Its great rival across the Square, so long the supporter of ballet, has turned to operetta in deference to its patrons' wishes. No other house can or will undertake the heavy expense incurred by these productions. Even if a house were willing, it might find itself unable, for such a production as the Empire has now given us is the result of long years of striving and of a training that has given hundreds of skilled workers to the Management. "Old China" is the expression of the very joy of life, presented in admirable taste and with an infinite care that embraces every little detail. It is as pretty an entertainment as one could hope to see, and cannot fail in its appeal at a season when recreation of the lightest sort is almost a necessity. S. L. BENSUSAN.



SKETCHES OF THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET, "OLD CHINA,"

BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE NEW BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

IT has been announced that the Rev. Canon Gore has been appointed Bishop of Worcester in succession to Bishop Perowne, whose resignation of the See was recently reported. The new Bishop is a son of the late Hon. Charles Alexander Gore, brother of the Earl of Arran; he is also a grandson of the fourth Earl of Bessborough. Born in 1853, Dr. Gore is comparatively a young man. Educated at Harrow and Balliol, he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity, but preferred to retire to a small College living at Radley, near Oxford, where he founded the "Community of the Resurrection." He was appointed a Canon of Westminster seven years ago. He has been a voluminous author, and "Lux Mundi," which he edited and to which he contributed a striking article, created a great sensation at the time of its publication. Dr. Gore is a High Churchman, but with certain "Broad Church" leanings. He is likely to make a great Bishop.

THE CHAPERON.

The Fashionable Country—Welbeck en Fête—Society House - Agents—Coronation Route Houses—Captain Fritz Ponsonby.

IT is curious to note how fashionable the country is now becoming. So many people more or less consciously follow in this matter the lead given to them by the Sovereign, and when the Court is at Sandringham a great many less-important people seem to find it suddenly convenient to remain out of town. Of course, quite a number of delicate ladies who had settled down in London for what is called, rather picturesquely, the "little Season," were literally driven away by the awful fog. Again, there is a constant going and coming afoot shooting-parties great and small, and, after a short rest at York Cottage, the Prince of Wales will begin a round of sporting visits, among those who will be first honoured being Lord Leicester, at Holkham Hall.

At Welbeck everything is always done in a very splendid and perfect manner, and Lord Roberts seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his visit there last week. The Duke and Duchess of Portland had brought together an interesting party in his honour, including the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, who are becoming quite English; Princess Henry of Pless, who is prettier and younger than ever, and who is making quite a long stay in her native country; and Miss Muriel Wilson, always in great demand when a charity fête is under discussion.

Sir Frederick Milner's action against a firm of London house-agents is of considerable practical interest to many well-known Londoners, for nowadays many people make a practice, and, it may be added, thereby a great addition to their incomes, of letting for short or long periods their London houses, often with their servants left to look after things. Further, several really well-known Society women make a regular practice of buying the lease of a pretty house in more or less bad condition in some good locality—Mayfair, for choice—and then elaborately "doing it up," after which the lease is again sold, but at a much-enhanced price, for the new purchaser, often a rich American or a Colonial millionaire, believes that he is acquiring the ancestral town mansion of the well-known Lady So-and-So, and that from thence he will find it more easy to make his way into Society. This novel way of making money requires a great deal of shrewdness and business ability, or the account may finally come out on the wrong side, for house-decorating is a terribly expensive matter nowadays. Houses situated on the Coronation Route are expected to let by the week, the month, and the day at fabulous prices. One hears of people who have refused £2000 for a two-months' let, and others who are considering whether they may not better an offer of £1000 for the Coronation week alone. Both those who are taking houses on the route and those who intend to inhabit their already existent dwellings will have to remember that a considerable sum must be spent in bunting and other decorations, for any house not decorated according to the crowd's fancy is likely to come in for rough treatment on the eventful June day to which we are all looking forward.

In the neighbourhood of Windsor much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby, the pretty young wife of Captain Ponsonby, who is the first, by the way, of the King's immediate *entourage* to leave for "the Front." Captain Fritz—who is the second son of Lady Ponsonby, so long the intimate friend and confidante of the Empress Frederick, and who is thought by many people to have written, or, at any rate, to have supplied data for, the much-discussed *Quarterly* article on Queen Victoria—has, of course, been known to their Majesties from birth, and he is the close intimate of all the younger members of the Royal Family. His wife, *née* Miss Kennard, has fitted very well into the Royal circle, and it is quite possible that she will, should Captain Ponsonby's regiment remain any time in South Africa, accompany Princess Christian when the latter fulfils her project of going to see the place where her beloved eldest son died and where he now rests.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

"The Man in the Fog"—£4000 a-Day—The Tubes and the Tunnels—A Slump in Guy Fawkes—The Lord Mayor's Show—A City Pageant—Exit the Muffin-Cap.

THE MAN IN THE STREET" was "The Man in the Fog" all last week, and a wretched experience it was. I have seen blacker fogs, but I do not think I can remember one which lasted so long. In many parts it was a case of groping one's way about, and, if I had not a very good and extensive knowledge of the London streets, I should have got out of my bearings several times. It was a very patchy fog, too. I was going up Charing Cross Road one afternoon, and when I got to the bottom of St. Martin's Lane there was a solid, square block of fog just at the crossing of the four roads. It was impossible to go through it, and it was odd to see everyone skirting the bank of fog. Beyond, the streets were comparatively clear.



CANON GORE, THE NEW BISHOP OF WORCESTER.
Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

The foggy weather is bad for people with delicate chests and weak hearts, but they say it stops infection, and I suppose that is why the small-pox epidemic lessened in the thick weather, so there was some advantage in it, after all. But the fog is very expensive, and I see that the "L.G.O.C." reckons its loss at about £1200 a-day. That seems almost incredible, but I presume it is all right, for I am told that the 'bus companies all round lose about £4,000 a-day.

But it was a fine time for the tubes and the tunnels. Even the old Underground bucked up, and the crush at the ticket-offices was like the old days. One afternoon, I went to South Kensington with sixteen in a carriage, which reminded me of Boat-Race Day or a football Saturday afternoon at Queen's Club. It's a bad fog that brings nobody any good, and the Gas

Companies and electric-light people must also have made a good thing out of it. The theatres, however, were not among the lucky ones, and one or two of them had to shut, while many of those that remained open played to half-empty benches. For people coming up from the suburbs, theatre-going is impossible in a fog.

Guy Fawkes seems to be dying out as a popular bogey-man nowadays. Perhaps the fog had something to do with it, but certainly this year the youngsters with their "Guys" were not nearly so much to the fore as they used to be. Kruger was again the chief villain, but the foreign burglars had a turn in some parts, and even the street-boys seem to be awake to the nuisance of these undesirables among us. I was glad to see that one of the magistrates said that these foreign rascals might expect heavy penalties. More power to your elbow, sir!

It might have been supposed, as we have had so many pageants in the streets of late, including the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—or, perhaps I should say, the Prince and Princess of Wales—only the Saturday previous, that the Lord Mayor's Show would have passed almost unnoticed. But this was not the case, for people were filling the streets long before the procession was timed to come along. In the Strand the pavements were lined before the Lord Mayor had left the Mansion House, and at the same time even the Embankment, on the return route, had people patiently waiting for his Lordship. Of course, in the City, where the decorations were capitably done, the crowds assembled at a still earlier hour, and it was very evident that, although most of us have seen the Show over and over again, we did not intend to miss the historic old pageant.

But the thing which struck me most of all this year was the absence of decorations outside the City. Fleet Street was, as usual, an avenue of bunting, but the flags stopped short at the Law Courts, and in the Strand and at Charing Cross there were hardly any signs of decoration. The Lord Mayor's Show, which used to interest the whole of London, is gradually becoming merely a City function, and, if this movement goes on, we shall soon have to demand a gilded chariot for the Chairman of the County Council. As for the Show itself, it was much as usual, but the cars were good and quite worth the trouble of waiting in the street to see.

The military authorities deserve a pat on the back from "The Man in the Street." The hideous muffin-caps of the Guards are to be called in, and the old pill-box is to be restored to the heads of the beloved of nursemaids. The new cap was a flabby and hopeless thing, and never could by any possible chance look smart. Some day the curious will be asking what was the origin of the cry, "What ho, Shrove Tuesday!" with which the London street-boy greeted the Guards' new cap. It is good news that both the cap and the cry are to vanish into oblivion.

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS IN "THE SENTIMENTALIST."

One need not be a sentimentalist to admire Miss Miriam Clements in Mr. H. V. Esmond's play—or out of it. The lady, whose charm has been recognised on her appearance in many parts, now may use the words of a song made popular by Miss Lottie Venne, and say, "I saw my

since, indeed, tragedies have come from untempered eulogy in critics, and yet, after watching the cleverness with which Miss Clements distinguished between the girl in the pretty prologue and the girl in the play, after noting the case of her style, the utter lack of



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS AS LADY Venger in "THE SENTIMENTALIST," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

chance and took it." When she came running on the stage in the lovely picture of the hill-top, one waited wondering how she would deal with a task of unwonted difficulty, and in a few minutes saw with delight that she had the real gifts as actress and that London owned a new leading lady with intelligence and skill, and youth and beauty into the bargain. No doubt, one should be discreet in praise,

self-consciousness, and her knowledge of technique, one can write with enthusiasm. It must be remembered that the task is difficult, since in the prologue she must show a girl *almost* in love, or rather, one quite in love, but fancying that she is not, and so surrendering the dictates of her heart to the suggestion of common sense, and it was exactly in this very fine work of character suggestion that she was triumphant.

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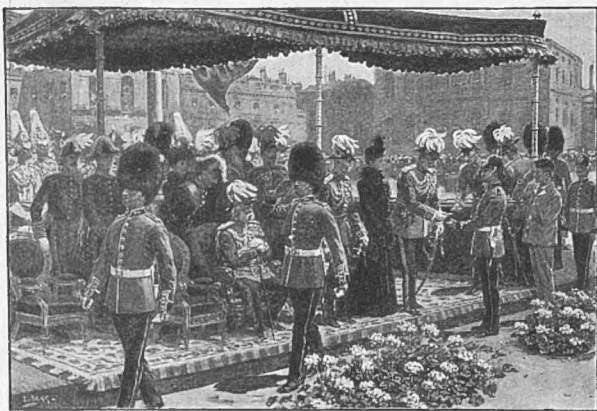
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IN connection with the distressing disaster that occurred on board the *Royal Sovereign* on Saturday last, it is comforting to remember that it is ten years since a serious gun-accident occurred in any ship in the British Navy. All improvements in breech mechanism have aimed to render such a disaster as has occurred apparently on board the *Royal Sovereign* practically impossible, and in the newest 6-inch weapons, which are being fitted with the Vickers, Sons, and Maxim breech-block, the piece cannot be fired until every precaution has been taken; when all is ready, the electric circuit is automatically completed as soon as the block is well home. It is a curious fact that at the very time the *Royal Sovereign* was being completed for sea, Lord Armstrong's famous firm was busy developing a system to render such mishaps impossible. At this period they made the claim that it was easy to provide that the gun should not be fired except when in the proper firing position, an arrangement which cannot be provided in the pieces such as presumably the *Royal Sovereign* carries without complications interfering with the efficiency of the weapon.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Britt. Rex Fid.
Def.!*

The King has chosen that addition to the Royal style and title which a recent Act of Parliament enabled him to make, and it has come, appropriately enough, on the return of his son and daughter-in-law from those dominions beyond the seas which it was desired to recognise. It is not likely that the new words will appear on our coinage, for, if they did, either the coins would have to be beaten out very thin or the lettering would have to be too small for anything but a microscope. "Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India," are splendid titles, but their abbreviated equivalents in Privy Council Dog-Latin would certainly overflow even a five-shilling-piece—indeed, the Proclamation by which the King's new title is announced apparently does contemplate the omission of the new words, for it expressly provides that the coinage shall be current and lawful if it bears the King's style or titles, "or any part or parts thereof."

His Majesty gathered round him on the occasion of his first birthday-party as Sovereign an interesting group of old and valued friends. Of these the only Royal representatives were the King's own children and children-in-law, and the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, who, though not technically of Royal birth, is actually related to half the reigning Sovereigns of Europe. It seems more and more probable that the Grand Duke and his beautiful, accomplished wife will end by making their home in this country, and it is now said on the Riviera that, should their Majesties spend a few weeks in the South of France next spring, they will do so as the guests of the Grand Duke and of the Countess Torby at Cannes, the Villa Kasbeck, notwithstanding its modest name, being a really splendid mansion, well fitted for the entertaining of reigning Royalty. Last week's house-party at Sandringham also included Lord and Lady Pembroke; the Marquis and the Marquise d'Hautepoul—the latter the

young Princesses' favourite girl-friend, and the only bride to whom Sandringham was ever lent for a honeymoon; Sir Donald Wallace, who accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their tour; their Majesties' cousin, Count Albert Mensdorff; the venerable Lord and Lady Clanwilliam; and Lord Rosebery — whom many people, by the way, are beginning to believe is destined to play in the near future a far greater political rôle than he has cared to do during the last few years.

The King will shoot in Windsor Great Park this week, weather permitting, and will doubtless enjoy excellent sport,

for the place is very well stocked and preserved. Pheasant-driving will probably account for the greater part of the bag. His Majesty will entertain a succession of shooting-parties at Sandringham, and it is said that he will shoot on one or two of the big estates belonging to his friends in Norfolk and Sussex. In all places and under all circumstances the King likes to have his game driven, whether it be red-deer or partridges, and I have been told quite lately, by a gentleman who has had the opportunity of judging, that His Majesty's eye and hand retain their old qualities and that he remains equally at home with shot-gun and rifle.

The great activity in the field and the varied expeditions against red-deer, roe-deer, and birds go far to give the lie to the rumours that have been put about concerning King Edward's health.

One of the most interesting portions of the lovely grounds which surround Sandringham House is that section overlooked by Queen Alexandra's own boudoir and sitting-room, and which was laid out by the late Duke of Teck, an admirable amateur gardener. Her Majesty always makes a point, on returning to her Norfolk home after a long or short absence, of going through her gardens and seeing what changes have been made and what new plants and flowers have been introduced.

The Queen herself has never cared very much for the so-called carpet-bedding which is so much in vogue in Continental Palace gardens; she is particularly devoted to the exquisite rose-garden, which, by her special orders, is never allowed to be too trim, but where the Queen of Flowers is allowed to have her own sweet way. The late Duke of Teck was constantly consulted concerning horticultural matters by the then Princess of Wales, as also by all those Royal horticulturists who take a practical interest in their gardens.

*Lord Dufferin and
Ava.*

Lord Dufferin and Ava is visiting Edinburgh this week, in order to deliver his Rectorial address to the students of Edinburgh University. Equally at

home in the diplomatic and academic spheres, Lord Dufferin does not feel himself a stranger in the Northern Capital. It is interesting to recall that, along with Lord Kitchener, his Lordship was presented with the Freedom of Edinburgh exactly three years ago. On that occasion, Lord Dufferin, in reminiscent mood, told his auditors that, while he exulted in his nationality as an Irishman, "yet it has always been a satisfaction to me," he went on, "to remember that I am entitled to claim the neighbouring Kingdom of Fife as the cradle of my family. In 1761," said his Lordship, "my great-grandfather, Thomas Sheridan,



A GUEST AT HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSE-PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM: GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



A GUEST AT HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSE-PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM: COUNTESS TORBY.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was admitted to the freedom of the city." As guest of Principal Sir William Muir, Lord Dufferin will to-night witness the students' torch-light procession—one of the great events in the University life of the Northern city.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

The King has been pleased to confer upon his Royal Highness George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, the style and titles of Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. The Duke of Cornwall and York is the twentieth eldest son of a reigning Sovereign to wear the title of Prince of Wales, which, however, is not hereditary, but has generally been conferred by patent.

Rehearsals have commenced at the Vaudeville Theatre of "Little Bluebell in Fairy Land," the new Christmas piece, by Seymour Hicks, with music by Walter

Slaughter, which Messrs. Gatti propose presenting twice a day about the middle of December. It is in two Acts and nine Scenes. Miss Ellaline Terriss will play the name-part.

An Imperial Shooting-Party.

William II., who always does things in a truly splendid manner, has invited King Edward, the Duke of Cornwall and York, and the Duke of Connaught to join the great sporting-party which is to be gathered together next week at Letzlingen Castle. The Kaiser, as most people interested in sport are well aware, is a mighty hunter, and, according to those of his English friends who have had an opportunity of seeing him while on what may be termed the peaceful war-path, he is never seen to more advantage than when enjoying the old German sport of boar-hunting and blackcock-shooting. Letzlingen is a substantial country-house containing an immense number of bedrooms, and there the Emperor is fond of entertaining immense parties and of offering them the various forms of sport for which the domain surrounding the Castle is famous. It is, of course, very improbable that any member of our Royal Family would care to go off to Germany at this moment of the year even to enjoy the best of sport; but it is, nevertheless, stated that His Imperial Majesty's invitation has been provisionally accepted by King Edward and the Heir-Apparent.

Kaiser's Christmas Gift.

Winter is already setting in here in Germany (writes my Berlin Correspondent); the market-gardeners are turning their attention to the popular Christmas-tree, and even the German Emperor, if one can believe the report in all the papers, is beginning to think of the great winter feast. His Majesty is reported to be preparing to present his Royal Consort with a magnificent Christmas present, in the shape of a whole set of old-fashioned Wilster furniture, such as is found always in the cottages in the district of Schleswig-Holstein. Nowadays, it is no easy task to obtain a whole set of this picturesque, quaint furniture: the dealers and antiquarians have been so busy in this direction of late years that very little is left in the villages. Cupboards and massive chests with fine old brass appointments, curiously carved stoves, and odd-looking, straight-backed chairs and grandfather-clocks usually form the Wilster set of antique furniture. Specimens thereof can be seen any day at the Museums of Thaulow and Kiel, and at Flensburg. One other piece, however, is also a necessary adjunct to make the whole complete: that piece is the pipe-rack, with its long churchwarden-pipes. One was found, but it belonged to an innkeeper at the village of Edendorf, who absolutely refused to part with it; the Kaiser is therefore having an exact copy made.

The Berlin Opera. The Opera House has been visited, and, too, with the greatest success, by an American singer named Miss Geraldine Farrar. Miss Farrar sang in "Marguerite," and, not being sufficiently acquainted with the troublesome and entangled German language, was forced to sing a large part of the rôle in Italian. In spite of this increase to the already considerable difficulty of the task that confronted her, Miss Farrar won the absolute appreciation of the whole house. So successful, indeed, was she that the Opera has retained her services for next year. Another foreigner who has been rejoicing the hearts of the music-loving Germans in the Opera House is the Frenchman M. Edouard Colonne. This is not his first visit to Berlin, though; he came, quite a number of years ago, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and again in 1890.

The Emperor's Villa at Arco.

The German Emperor has just been presented with a very pretty villa near Arco, on the "Garda See," by an admirer of his, a Herr Hildebrandt. The villa, which was built only a short time ago, is situated at Chiarano, a suburb of Arco, and is surrounded by olive-trees, at the foot of a lovely, long, wood-clad slope. It is said that the Emperor will formally take possession of his new property on Nov. 15, and will have it set apart for the use of invalid German officers in need of a sanatorium.

An Interesting Discovery.

A singularly interesting discovery has just been made at Gueltingen, in Württemberg. The grave of a princely warrior has been found there, dating from the time of the Merovingian Kings. The most interesting part of the find is the helmet enclosed in the grave; it is richly ornamented with carved vine-leaves, and delicate, long-necked birds. Next the helmet was found a unique sword inlaid with purple glass and having a gilt hilt.

Duelling in Germany.

It is curious that a case in point should have arisen so soon after I had touched on the sad side of duelling in Germany (adds my Berlin Correspondent). Lieutenant Blaskowitz has just fought a duel, and has been so seriously wounded that but small hope is entertained of his life being saved. To make the tragedy doubly tragic, the young man was just going to be married. Only one day before his wedding a quarrel arose, with the inexpressibly sad result recorded. It does certainly seem a most unnecessary and absurd custom to uphold in these days of so-called civilisation.

The New Chancery Judge.

The appointment of Mr. Swinfen Eady to succeed Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy as Judge in the Chancery Division came as a surprise to the general public. In Lincoln's Inn, the rookery of the Chancery Bar, Mr. Swinfen Eady has long been regarded as the foremost man among them. Originally a solicitor, he brought to the other branch of the profession a knowledge of all the minutiae of Chamber practice and detail—an invaluable equipment for a Chancery lawyer. He has been at the Bar twenty-two years, but has been a "silk" only nine years. He has been going "Special" nearly three years, and now finds himself the youngest Judge on the Bench. He leads a very quiet life apart from his profession. He is not a distinguished social figure—in fact, I believe almost the whole of his time out of Court has been spent in acquiring that wonderful grasp of his briefs which has been the admiration of the Junior Bar for many years. In Court he flourishes an eye-glass with wonderful effect.



LETZLINGEN CASTLE, WHERE THE KING, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK WILL STAY FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SHOOTING-PARTY.

Photo by Ziesler, Berlin.

Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent.

Sir Edgar Vincent, though his personality is curiously little known to the "Man in the Street," is quite one of the most remarkable Englishmen living. Though he celebrated his fortieth birthday only in Diamond Jubilee year, he has already retired on his financial and diplomatic laurels, and that after having played an immense part in the Near East.



LADY HELEN VINCENT.



SIR EDGAR VINCENT.

From Photographs by Denney and Co., Teignmouth.

It is not too much to say his successful efforts on behalf of this country entitled him to the public's gratitude, for his position as representative of Great Britain, of Belgium, and of Holland on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt must have been anything but a sinecure. Sir Edgar, after having done his best in Constantinople, went on to further serve his country by acting as Financial Adviser to Egypt during the eventful years which elapsed between 1883 and 1889. Then followed another long spell at Constantinople, when, as Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Sir Edgar—who, by the way, attained his well-earned "K.C.M.G." at the early age of thirty-three—was brought into constant and intimate relations with all those whose difficult duty it is to keep existent and stable the Turkish Empire.



A NEWFOUNDLAND
COMMEMORATIVE STAMP.

"M.P." and Connoisseur.

Since his return from the East, Sir Edgar has turned his attention to home politics,

and he has now represented Exeter in the

Conservative interest for two years. His delightful English home, Esher Place, is one of the many fine old country mansions situated between Windsor and London. He and his wife, one of Lord Feversham's beautiful group of daughters, have turned the place into a perfect treasure-house, for they are both keenly artistic, and probably few Englishmen know more than does Sir Edgar about eighteenth-century French art and craft, for he has long been a connoisseur in old French furniture. It will be remembered that it was while paying a short visit at Esher Place that Lady Hilda Brodrick, the wife of the Secretary of State for War, was seized with her last illness, having brought the germs of her disease with her from London. This tragic event naturally cast a great gloom over her host and hostess, the more so that their week-end parties had hitherto been quite specially distinguished for their general brightness and cheeriness.

The Last of the "Elfin."

It is a curious fact that, until the completion of His Majesty's splendid new yacht, the members of the Royal Family of the greatest Naval Power the world has ever seen had been dependent for their sea-trips on vessels which, though, like the old *Victoria and Albert*, graceful ships with beautiful lines, were utterly out-of-date and of the paddle-wheel type. The *Elfin*, which was nominally tender to the old *Victoria and Albert*, was a small paddle-wheel yacht of ninety-three tons and of only one hundred and seventy horse-power; but she had many

interesting associations for the Royal Family, as for a period of over fifty years she had been in active use, latterly as despatch-boat when Queen Victoria was in residence at Osborne. On numerous occasions also, when the larger yachts were not available, the *Elfin* had conveyed Royalties and other distinguished personages to and from the Isle of Wight. Of late she had been familiarly known at Portsmouth as the "Cowes Milk-boat." However, His Majesty has many grateful memories of the little yacht, and during his recent visit to Portsmouth, to greet the Royal travellers, he, in company with Commodore Lambton, inspected her remains, with a view to selecting mementoes for preservation. These included the wheel, the stern-plate, figure-head, and the beautiful, silver-toned bell, which were removed from Fareham Creek, the "Rotten Row" of Portsmouth, to the deck of the new Royal Yacht.

A New Four-Cent Stamp.

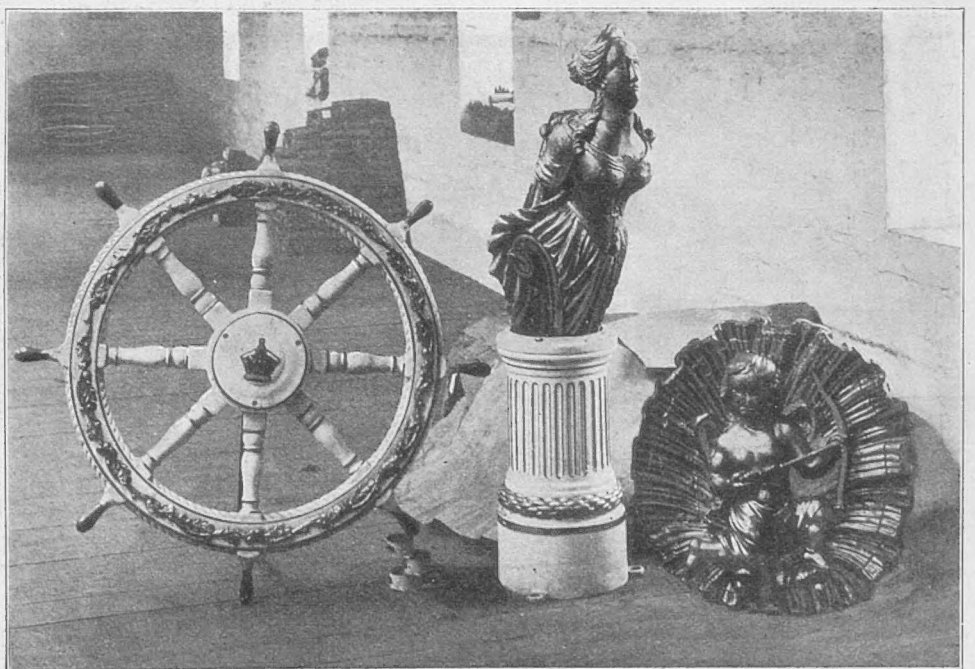
Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. have sent me this specimen of the new four-cent stamp, bearing the portrait of the Duchess of Cornwall and York, which has just been issued in Newfoundland in commemoration of the Royal visit to that Colony. This stamp completes the Royal portrait series issued in Newfoundland, the others being as follows: Half-cent, Prince Edward of York; one cent, Queen Victoria; two cents, King Edward; three cents, Queen Alexandra; five cents, Duke of Cornwall and York.

Queen's Pipes for Tommy Atkins.

I have reason to believe that Queen Alexandra intends giving a Christmas-box to all the men at "the Front" in the regiments with which she is connected. The form of the gift has been the subject of much consideration at Marlborough House, and it has now been decided that a Queen's pipe would be most acceptable to the majority of the men. An order for five thousand of these has been placed with manufacturers, but the Queen fully realises that this will not be sufficient for more than a fraction of the soldiers. It is contemplated, therefore, to place orders for an additional five thousand within the next few days. The design for the pipes already on order looks very pretty and serviceable.

Royal Picture Prizes.

The Prussian Art Union sold several pictures on the lottery system this week in Berlin, and quite a number of members of the Royal Family were present, including the Kaiser and Kaiserin. The chief prize, consisting of a picture by Van der Venne, called "The Horse-thief," was won by the King of Saxony. The German Emperor won two pretty pictures, "A Party on the Tollen See," by Chevalier, and "Isola Bella," by C. Rodde. The German Empress was presented with a Norwegian scene, called "On the Esefjord," by Mirow. Prince Henry gained a scene depicting the Spreewald, a part of the country near Berlin already described in *The Sketch*, while Prince Frederick Leopold received a naval picture, entitled "An der Molenspitze."



THE WHEEL, FIGURE-HEAD, AND STERN-PLATE FROM THE LATE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE YACHT, "THE ELFIN," ORDERED TO BE PRESERVED BY THE KING.

The Yacht is now being broken up at Portsmouth.

The late Colonel Benson.

Colonel G. E. Benson, Royal Artillery, who died of wounds received in action a few days ago, had established a reputation for himself as a tactician and fighting soldier combined. Entrusted with the command of a mobile column about six months ago, he had, up to the date of his death, accounted through it for the capture of 603 rebels, 67,400 rounds of ammunition, a great quantity of stores, and some thousands of oxen and sheep. As Lord Kitchener said of him, he was "a most gallant and capable Commander." Prior to taking part in the present campaign, Colonel Benson had been on active service in Egypt and Ashanti. He also accompanied the Expeditionary Force which the present Commander-in-Chief in South Africa led to Dongola in 1896, acting on this occasion as Brigade-Major with the mounted troops.



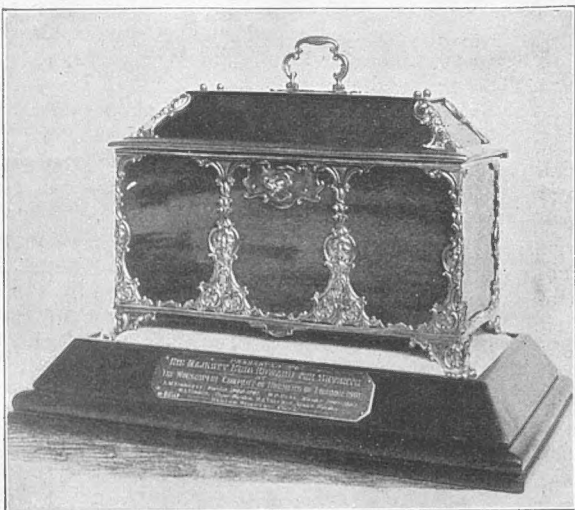
THE LATE COLONEL G. E. BENSON,
DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT BRAKENLAAGTE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

In the expressive language of Mr. Atkins, a military chaplain is always known as a "sky-pilot." The number of clergymen doing duty with the troops in this capacity is about one hundred. These, according to seniority, rank as Colonels, Majors, and Captains, and draw pay and allowances as such. At the head of the Department to which they belong is a Chaplain-General. For the last fifteen years this appointment has been held by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Edghill. Owing to failing health, however, he has just been forced to relinquish it, to the great regret of all who served under him. His successor in the post is the Right Rev. John Taylor Smith, a former Bishop of Sierra Leone. While stationed on the West Coast of Africa he accompanied the Ashanti Expedition of 1895 as chaplain, and in this capacity he received the last messages of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg.

A Future King. His Royal Highness Prince Leo Philippe Charles Albert Meinrad Hubertus Marie Miguel of Belgium, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is certainly an important infant, for, curiously enough, he removes the Duke of Connaught one step further from the succession to the Belgian Throne. It must be admitted that, in the present state of Belgian opinion about the War, that little country, forgetful that it owes its very existence to England, would not relish a British monarch. The Duke of Connaught's grandmother, the Duchess of Kent, was the sister of the King of the Belgians' father. The new baby, whose arrival has so much rejoiced the hearts of *les braves Belges*, is the grandson of the King of the Belgians' brother, the Count of Flanders, and is therefore the great-nephew of His Majesty, who agreed to stand godfather as soon as the happy event was announced.

Presentation to His Majesty. Mr. Howard Deighton, the Clerk to the Horners' Company, has received a letter from Sir Francis Knollys, the Secretary to His Majesty, stating that he is commanded by the King to renew the expressions of His Majesty's thanks to the Worshipful Company of Horners for the casket which they



HORN CASKET PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD VII. BY
THE HORNERS' COMPANY.

have presented to him, and that His Majesty admires it greatly and thinks it will form a great addition to the Horn Room at Osborne. The following is the inscription: "Presented to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh by the Worshipful Company of Horners of

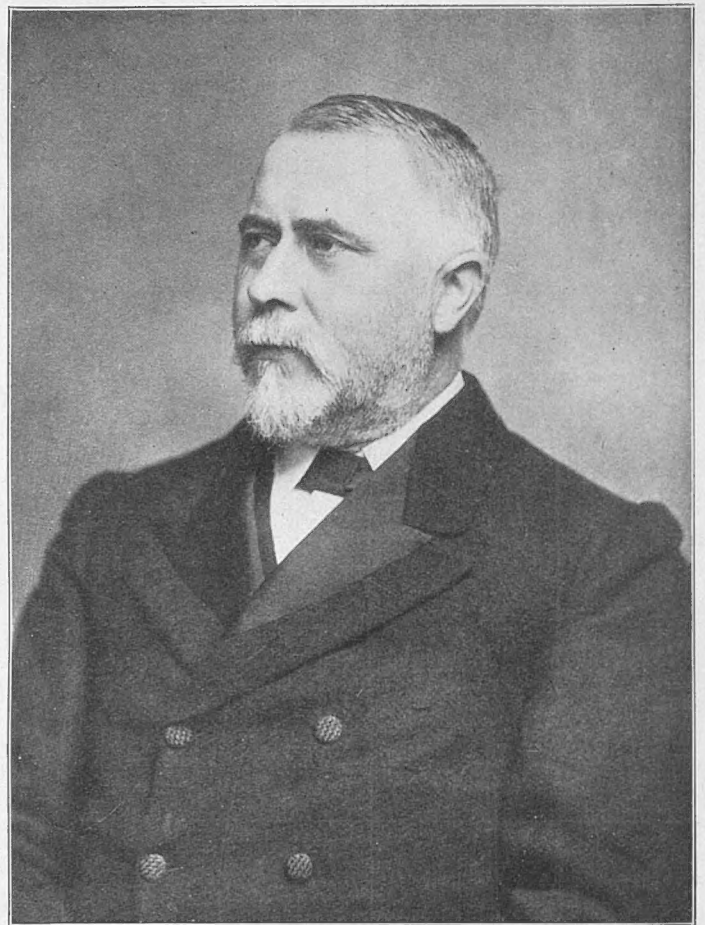
London, 1901. A. W. Timbrell, Master, 1900-1901; W. P. Neal, Master, 1901-1902; W. A. Tanner, Upper Warden; K. J. Toleman, Renter Warden; Howard Deighton, Clerk." The Horners' Company is one of the oldest of the City Livery Companies and dates back to the year 1268.

The Builder of the King's Navee.

Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., or whoever it is at this moment, may be officially the ruler of the King's Navee, but a much greater man really is the builder of it, Sir William White, who has now retired from the Service. Often on such occasions the truth is a little stretched, but there is no need in this case. This Prince of Naval Architects is the best of good fellows in himself, and he takes with him not only the admiration and affection of those who understand what the State owes to him, but also the hearty goodwill of many a humble Bluejacket.

Patriot to the Marrow of his Bones.

Private yards pay much more for brains than the Admiralty can be persuaded to do; it was, therefore, pure patriotism which induced Mr. White, as he then was, to give up the lucrative post of designer to the Elswick Yard sixteen years ago and to accept the post of Director of Naval Construction. He had been in Whitehall before—indeed, it was Sir Edward Reed, then Chief Constructor, who, when the



SIR WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, WHO HAS LATELY RETIRED, AFTER BEING
FOR SIXTEEN YEARS DIRECTOR OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

young man was only twenty-two, made him his confidential assistant. He quitted the Admiralty only to create the great Elswick Yard. "When I went to Elswick," he said once, "the place where, within two years, we were building the ill-fated *Victoria* was just a mud-bank by the river-side; the water came in twelve feet deep at the very spot where the *Victoria* was afterwards completed." When he went back to the Admiralty, about two and a-half years afterwards, two thousand men were employed on the old mud-bank. It is not too much to say that Sir William has designed practically every battleship and cruiser in the British Navy that would be of much use in time of war.

A Few Stories.

The Chief Constructor used to suffer from the cranks of inventors of all descriptions, and on one occasion he very nearly lost his life. He was rash enough to go down in an early form of submarine-boat with a number of other adventurous spirits. When the vessel had been under water some little time, it occurred to them that she would not go up again to the surface, for she had got stuck in the clay at the bottom of the dock. Fortunately, a furious working of the pumps brought the thing to the surface. Sir William once made a very pregnant observation to an interviewer who questioned him about foreign navies: "We can build," he said, "more rapidly and more cheaply than anyone else, and we simply wait until we know what we have to meet, and then we go ahead." Lastly, Sir William White was once reading in an American paper a long account of the launch of a new warship. The writer crowed immensely over the American superiority to Great Britain which this vessel indicated, on which Sir William's terse comment was, "I designed that ship."

Lord Mayor's Day. Nothing, perhaps, is more astonishing than the general interest continually displayed in the quaint historic pageant known as "The Lord Mayor's Show." Every year for centuries past this curious feature of the civic life of the greatest city of the world has been repeated, and it still possesses a wonderful fascination both for the citizens themselves and for large numbers of their country cousins. The true Londoner dearly loves his Lord Mayor and his Lord Mayor's Show. The procession of last Saturday was viewed by admiring hosts of people, who vigorously applauded and cheered the new occupant of the Chair, the Sheriffs, and the "Show."

The new Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Knt., M.P., is a member of the Worshipful Company of Grocers, a Company which has always played an important part in the story of London. This year special pains were taken with the symbolic cars which figured prominently in the "Show" on Saturday. The Grocers' Company's car, a very handsome and striking affair, illustrated the development of weights and measures from the earliest times, beginning with the primitive hand-balance of the ancient Egyptians. Another symbolic car of interest was that which typified "Commerce in the Twelfth Century." London is not only the Capital of England, but also of the British Empire; hence, very appropriately, there were to be seen in the procession emblematic representations of the "British Dominions Beyond the Seas," one of the most suggestive being the car symbolising the Australian Commonwealth.

But, after all, while these and the other features of Saturday's pageant were gazed upon with appreciative interest, by far the most interesting figure in the "Show" was the new Lord Mayor himself. Seated in the historic civic coach-of-state, with the wonderful coachman on the box, and attended by the Sheriffs and other high functionaries of the City of London, all eyes were naturally fastened on the man who, as Lord Mayor, will necessarily take a very leading part in the great event of the coming year—the Coronation of our Sovereign Lord the King. London will then be crowded with distinguished people, and the City will be expected to show its proverbially abounding and generous hospitality. The universal opinion is that no better man could have been selected as its chief dispenser than Sir Joseph Dimsdale.

After the "Show" came the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Banquet in the evening at the Guildhall. The Card of Invitation to this Feast was a reproduction of a beautiful allegorical engraving, dated April 1790, by Tomkins (the name shows he was a veritable "cit"), a pupil of Bartolozzi. In this, the City of London is represented as a fair woman holding the Sword of State and the Civic Charter; on one side of her is Commerce typified as Mercury, on the other is a personification of Liberality. She escorts a triumphal-car, on which sits Britannia, and by her side walks the British Lion, ready to meet its enemies. At the top of the Card are the arms of Sir Joseph Dimsdale, and those of the Sheriffs of the year of his Lord Mayorship, John Charles Bell, Esq., Alderman, and Horace Brooks Marshall, Esq., M.A., J.P. The Card was produced by Messrs. Blades, of Abchurch Lane.

Clémenceau as Playwright. Those who followed the various phases of the Dreyfus case will remember the unflinching courage with which the great journalist, Georges Clémenceau, fought out the battle for the condemned man. At the Renaissance last week he appeared as a dramatist, and his "Voile du Bonheur" is full of delicate sadness. The characters are Chinese, which is a novelty. Tchang I is the most-acclaimed poet in China, but he is blind. Still, he is happy; his wife loves him, his son is a model, and his friends are

loyal. But when the light is brought back by some lotion, he sees with horror his wife faithless, his works signed by his amanuensis, and his son imitating his halting walk. They never knew that he did see, for



CARD OF INVITATION TO THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS' BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades.

with the same lotion he destroys his sight for ever and goes back into voluntary night. Gémier was very powerful in the leading character.

"A Parsee Fellow."

What is euphemistically called the "colour line" is rather topical just now, in view of President Roosevelt's entertaining of Mr. Booker Washington. Of course, there is all the difference in the world between a full-blooded negro and the blameless Parsee; but, still, it is an epoch-making event that the great and important foundation of St. John's College, Cambridge, should have elected a Parsee to a Fellowship. Mr. R. P. Paranjpye was bracketed Senior Wrangler in 1899, and he also did about as well as could be done in the second part of the Mathematical Tripos in the following year. Natives of India have a natural bent towards mathematics, but Mr. Paranjpye achieved a record in coming out as Senior Wrangler, and this success gave the utmost gratification to his co-religionists, who celebrated it in various ways. These ways were certainly more innocent than the father of a certain Oxford undergraduate adopted, so the story goes, when his son, after many failures, had scraped through an easy Matriculation examination. Papa was a West African chief, and he signalled his son's success by the sacrifice of many hundreds of his wives. It is worth noting, by the way, that Mr. Paranjpye owes his success to the paternal care of the Indian Government, which gave him a scholarship in 1896.

Mr. Edward Compton, who is the clever son of the fine old comedian of the same name, has just produced a very interesting new play in town—that is to say, at the fine new theatre at Ealing Broadway. This new play, which Mr. Compton sandwiched twice between four old comedies, is entitled "An Emperor's Romance," and has been adapted by Mr. Robert Barr and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton from the former writer's picturesque novel, "The Countess Thekla." It is a play presenting several opportunities for impassioned acting and exciting effects.



THE LORD-MAYOR'S COACH AND THE LORD-MAYOR'S COACHMAN.

Death of Li Hung Chang.

On Thursday of last week, Li Hung Chang, the greatest of contemporary Oriental statesmen, and frequently styled the "Bismarck of China," died at Peking, the Capital, and the centre of his latest Viceroyalty—that of the Province of Chih-li. No Chinaman ever had so great a name in Europe or America as Li, and the story of his career is one of fascinating



THE LATE LI HUNG CHANG, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT STATESMEN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

interest. Born in 1823, he early distinguished himself as a Chinese "Graduate." Leaving civilian life, he joined in the military campaigns against the Tai-ping rebels—campaigns which were marked by the successes of the "Ever-Victorious Army" of General Gordon. It will be remembered that Gordon promised their lives to certain of the rebel chiefs who surrendered, but that Li broke faith with them and had them all executed. This incident serves to give an indication of the character of Li Hung Chang. On the conclusion of the Tai-ping Rebellion, Li was given the highest honours by the Chinese Emperor.

The second part of his career began in 1872, when he was advanced to the Viceroyalty of the great premier Province of Chih-li. Peking was the centre of his power, and here he ruled for many years, the period of his government being distinguished by vast improvements in the military and naval organisation of the Chinese Empire. Knowing the importance of a strong navy, and having seen the value of foreign military systems, he created a fleet, with headquarters at Tien-Tsin, and had large bodies of native troops drilled after the European pattern. But, after nearly a quarter of a century of advance, there came the war between China and Japan; the triumph of the latter at first resulted in the disgrace and humiliation of Li, but when the final treaty came to be negotiated he was the man selected by the Empress to conclude a peace with the triumphant Empire of the Mikado.

In 1896 he came to Europe to represent the Chinese Emperor on the occasion of the Coronation of the Czar; thereafter he made a tour through the Continent, and then came on to this country, where he was received by the late Queen and Lord Salisbury, then, as now, Prime Minister, with great respect. Returning home to China, he was made Foreign Secretary, but he was soon disgraced for a second time. Afterwards appointed Governor of Canton, he occupied that position when the "Boxer" outbreak took place last year. Once more made Viceroy of Chih-li, he took a prominent part in the negotiations which ensued after the occupation of Peking by the Allies. For some time past he has been in failing health, and his death was scarcely unexpected. Li Hung Chang may be regarded as the most typical of Chinamen. Frugal, temperate, fond of home life, patriotic, cunning, not altogether innocent of "ways that are dark," he was yet a truly great man. He also was very rich—his fortune at one time being estimated at ten millions sterling.

"Paris in London" will be the attraction at Earl's Court next year, when London, owing to the Coronation festivities, will be the

rallying-ground for thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. The project has met with hearty approval in the most influential quarters, and the unique opportunity which the idea affords for the introduction of the most striking features of the last great Paris Exhibition—including, among many others, the Palais du Costume—places the success of "Paris in London" beyond doubt.

"Bags" in the Eastern Counties.

All the East Coast counties appear to be doing very well this season. I have heard of some very heavy "bags" from Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Most of the great landowners who are not hunting-men are shooting at their country seats, and though "outlying woods" are still the order of the day, and the best pheasant-shooting is being reserved for next month, some very large "bags" are recorded. For example, some fifteen hundred head of game, including pheasants, partridges, and hares, were shot in four days on Lord Cadogan's estates near Bury St. Edmunds; and on some of the estates where rabbit-shooting has been going on the "bag" has run far into four figures. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the recent cold snap, though it caused some distress, has not been hard enough to stop hunting and has brought large quantities of wild-fowl to the East Coast estuaries. Woodcock will not be far behind now, and when they can be added to a "bag" that includes snipe there will be excellent eating for somebody.

The Decoy.

During the past fortnight the wild duck, together with widgeon and teal, have been taken in large numbers on the few decoys that are in working order along our coast. I believe there are no more than thirty worked in England to-day, but in good seasons a decoy can contribute five thousand wild-fowl to the markets. We get a great many of our wild-fowl for the table from Holland, where the decoys are hidden from sight of the public and their secrets so carefully preserved that no stranger can get access to one. In England, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Essex used to take pride of place in matters of decoying, and one hundred and fifty years ago owners of decoys would gladly contract to supply wild-fowl as low as fivepence apiece to any dealer who would undertake to receive all their season's catch. Nowadays, far better prices prevail, but I know, from personal inquiries among the owners of decoys, that the supply of birds has diminished to a point at which the maintenance and preservation of a decoy barely pays expenses. For this result I am inclined to think we must blame the punt-gun, of all noisy, cruel, and destructive instruments the worst that ever attracted the attention of sportsmen. It has not only scared the fowl from the decoys, but it has made wildfowling on the marshes with the ordinary double-barrel gun of twelve or ten bore practically worthless.

The "Traveller."

Volume V. of the *Traveller* (George Newnes, Limited) has just reached me, and I am lost in admiration of its beautiful paper, high-class reproductions, and interesting articles. Hearty congratulations on his success to the brilliant young Editor, Mr. Ralph Maude! The volume is published at half-a-guinea.



LI HUNG CHANG AND LORD SALISBURY: TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE FAMOUS CHINESE STATESMAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1896.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

More Camps of Concentration.

The bitter tears that the Parisian squeaking Press are shedding over the lot of the Boers in the Concentration Camps seem to me a little strained (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). In the Hôpital Cochin—one of the most important in the city—the patients are afraid to sleep on account of the rats that gnaw the powerless sufferers. Certainly an instance of the advantage of charity beginning less than six thousand miles from home.

A Boulevard Blot.

No visitor to Paris has ever walked from the Opéra to the Madeleine without remarking, between the Grand Café and the Olympia Music Hall, a row of tumble-down old houses that would disgrace a tenth-rate village. The authorities have at last decided to sweep the whole block away and secure the perfect symmetry of the grand boulevards.

M. Brieux, who is so prominently before the public on account of the Censure refusing to pass his play, "Les Avaries," has given a noticeable lesson in courtesy to the fiery polemicists who seek only an excuse for a duel. Alexandre Hepp, who is the most retiring of men, pointed out to him politely that there was a great resemblance between this play, as there had been in "Les Remplaçants," and two novels dealing with similar subjects published by him fifteen years ago. They met, and Hepp immediately accepted the explanation that Brieux had never read the books, and Brieux candidly admitted that their minds had certainly collided and that the resemblance justified a suspicion on the part of Hepp. A cordial shake of the hands and a friendly dinner. By the way, it is a funny side-light on the difference between French and English political life that, at the same meeting of the Cabinet that decided on the Turkish demonstration, the suppressed play of Brieux was read over to the members. Shades of Downing Street!

The rumour that King Edward will visit the Littoral this year has had a most strikingly soothing effect on the nerves of the Anglophobe papers. It is the railway companies and the Nice hotel-keepers who are their life-blood in the advertising columns, and—*tout s'explique*.

Buller and Paris. I was assured by an officer, a member of the Cercle Militaire, that the case of General Buller was fiercely discussed nightly in the smoking-room. Under the régime of de Galliffet and André at the War Office, there have been so many mysterious transfers and dismissals that to the French officers the affair is of burning actuality. The general opinion, he tells me, among the superior officers is that a soldier should be allowed to justify himself of any action in time of peace, and of any action at the termination of a war in which his conduct was at issue, but not during the progress of a war. I quote his views as of passing interest.

At the Comédie.

The persistent opposition to M. Jules Claretie, as arbiter of the destinies of the Théâtre-Français, is effectively destroyed by the magnificent triumph with which he inaugurated the new régime. "L'Enigme," by Hervieu, is a masterpiece, a great and living, palpitating document for all time. Two brothers love their wives devotedly, and never has a shade of suspicion that they might be betrayed entered their minds. They are at their country seat, and the gamekeepers warn them that poachers are in the wood. They get up to join the men, in the dead of night, and meet on the staircase an invited guest, under such conditions that leave no doubt as to the misfortune of one or the other of them. The wives protest their innocence and implore each other to tell the truth. The

lover remains silent, and then the supreme sacrifice suggests itself to him. "Let me commit suicide," he says. "Once I am dead, you may learn to forget." The crash of a gun calls a piercing shriek from the guilty wife and a frantic appeal to the husband to kill her. "Your punishment is to live!" he replies. The audience was spell-bound from the rise of the curtain to the fall, and then President Loubet gave the signal for a hurricane of applause. It was a triumph for Paul Mouñet and Mayer, and Mdlle. Bartet was exquisite. For the first time for the last ten years the Comédie has a success.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, to whose loyal support Santos-Dumont owes the Deutsch prize, is one of the most versatile men in France. "All I want to be," he has repeated again and again, when the Pretenders have attempted to draw him into their meshes, "is a good French citizen." Rich through his marriage with Mdlle. Blanc, he has devoted his time to scientific travel in the four quarters of the globe, and his essays are held in enormous repute.

A BRIGHT TIVOLI STAR.

Miss Violet Dale, who is making her bow to an English audience at the Tivoli, is the daughter of the late Editor of the New York *Electrical*

Age, and is herself a native of Toledo, Ohio, where she was born some nineteen years ago. She made her first appearance, at the age of twelve, as Juliet in a series of performances of "Romeo and Juliet" by juveniles at Palmer's Theatre, New York. After this she became a member of various American Stock Companies, all the while devoting her spare time to learning dancing, to such good purpose that she soon became well known as an expert "buck" and "wing" dancer. A couple of years ago she took to the music-halls and gained fame and fortune in the States as a mimic. A visit to Honolulu, where the natives made quite a fuss over her, was an interesting episode in her stage-career. Miss Dale affects what we know as "character" songs, and her vivacious versatility should ensure her success in this country. She is a devout believer in the efficacy of physical culture for womankind in general.



MISS VIOLET DALE, A TIVOLI STAR.

Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.



A PILGRIMAGE OF LOVE—AND SEVERAL LUNATICS.

I WAS so tickled, Dollie dear, with the story of my juvenile elopement, as I told it to you in this place last week, that I must ask you to pardon me if I dive, once again, into those harrowing periods of the past and fish up a thrilling incident that, from my point of view, contains all the elements of a modern swashbuckling romance. You shall hear, if you care to listen, the jangle of the stirrup, the hoarse cry of despair, the impassioned appeal; wild winds, if you will wait a moment, shall beat upon your face; tears, if you are not in a hurry, shall start to your eyes; your throat, if it is all the same to you, shall contract with horror at the fitting, psychological moment. Have I, then, your permission to dive? Thank you! There will not, I think, be a very enormous splash.

I was eight years old, this time, and she—another she, I fear—was eleven. Fate, and the limited educational advantages afforded by our township, decided that we should both attend the same day-school; and there it was, in a parlour that boasted more obviously artificial flowers, more preposterously attitudinised birds under glass shades, and more slippery horsehair-covered chairs than I have ever writhed in before or since, that I absorbed the bacillus of this particular passion. One doesn't absorb the love-bacillus very easily nowadays, but, then, one has been so vaccinated and re-vaccinated with the lymph of cheap cynicism that the average man may consider himself immune long before he reaches thirty, whilst the Venus of to-day, I believe, is quite out of danger from the moment that she twists her hair up and lets down her skirt. (There! That's what comes of listening to people who advise you to work in the morning.)

Our schoolmaster was a dear old fellow of seventy-three, whose anxieties were constantly divided between his pupils in the parlour and his pigs in their pen. It used to be a great treat in the morning, I remember, to see him feed the pigs, and the sight would often plunge me into profound thought as I noted the nearness of kinship between these snuzzling gourmands and the human boy. I never really had any love for the human



THE DONKEY GREW TESTY.



WE PARTED MY LOVE AND I.

boy, as such. Savagery is his ruling instinct; he licks the hand that feeds him and bites it when the hamper is empty.

However, the lady of eleven, after the manner of her sex, is calling for attention, and I must get along with the preliminary explanations that lead up to the lunatics. She lived, I must tell you, about a mile out of the village, and her father, dear man, had helped her

to overcome the difficulties of distance by providing her with a donkey. Now, this donkey was no ordinary kind of ass. His sympathetic instincts, for example, had been considerably cultivated, and I always recognised that I must be on good terms with him, as well as with his mistress, if my suit was to make any real or satisfactory progress.

As the affair of the heart developed, it became my privilege, after school, to escort the lady to the end of her father's drive. Our village street, as is the case with all village streets, was filled with inquisitive, nose-smudged windows, but once outside the street and I was allowed to take a second seat on the donkey's back, and thus accomplish the remainder of the journey in delightful, if unromantic, proximity to my dear one.

Don't scoff, dear Dollie.

You never look nice, you know, when you try to appear supercilious, and I know perfectly well what you would like to say. You are thinking that the light of my eight-year-old eyes was too generous with her favours; that I should not have been allowed to accompany her daily on her homeward ride, but that the journey should have been made an occasional, once-a-week-at-the-most treat. At the first

blush, of course, you are perfectly right; too smooth a path is not a healthy thing for any man, especially when he is eight years old and a trifle precocious. But when I tell you that, on our way home, we had to pass a private lunatic asylum, and that the inmates were generally returning from their walk about the time of our pilgrimage, you will see that this fairy of eleven was, in accepting my escort, fully maintaining the reputation of your enchanting sex for a timely and practical display of graciousness.

Very well, then. On the day of the incident that forms a somewhat meagre excuse for this article, the wind was blowing great guns, and

the dust, that had lain beneath the sun in its accumulating glory for a fortnight past, was whirling and sweeping and pirouetting in a paroxysm of demoniacal ecstasy. In the village street it wasn't quite so ecstatic, for the perforated barrel that did duty for a watering-cart had been doing its fell work and had left evident traces of it in a series of unnavigable puddles. Outside the radius, however, there was a pretty to-do, and the donkey grew so testy with the elements that I was forced to bind my scarf around his eyes before he would put any sort of a face towards home. The scarf, however, was a good idea. I had been reading "Black Beauty" at the time, and in that immortal work there is a chapter describing a fire in a stable, and how the firemen had to bandage the horses' eyes before they could lead them through the smoke. That was why I bandaged the donkey's eyes—to get him to cleave a path through the storm of dust. There was something appropriate, too, in the blindness of the ass, for I, you know, was in love.

All went well, dear, until we were within a hundred yards of her father's gate, and then there came a mighty blast that swept the bandage from the eyes of the donkey, and filled the asinine optics with blinding, maddening dust. He stood up on end; I went off over his tail, and at that moment the perambulating lunatics strayed in sight. . . .

. . . Here, I am bound to admit, there is a lacuna in the manuscript. It is just possible, of course, that I picked myself up and deliberately fled with all convenient speed. Another explanation, and one, as Livy says, that I myself prefer, is that the donkey bolted for home, carrying his fair burden with him. However that may be, certain it is that we parted, my love and I, and that when we met at school next morning there was a sense of estrangement between us that neither time nor toffee could entirely bridge over.

And so the pulse of this complex world beats on and on; here a little comedy is curtained with a touch of pathos; there the tragedy of a soul in anguish is rendered paltry by a suggestion of burlesque. One by one we draw nearer and nearer to the edge of the end, until we, too, slide over and are forgotten. In the meantime, however, I think of the donkey, of the lunatics, and of my love. And at the back of the thought, thank heaven, there's still, for me, a chuckle.





MISS MARIE DANTON.

THE CLEVER ACTRESS AND MIMIC, NOW PLAYING IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The American Peril—Smoking for a Livelihood—"The Boy in the Street"—Smoking in Church—People Hanged for Smoking—The Cult of the Cigarette—Yerkification—London Electrified—Unintentional Electrocution—Going to Jericho (by Electric Tram)—Hints on Avoiding Income-Tax.

RECOGNISING that it is *de rigueur* with all modern newspapers to discover a new Peril at short intervals—a "German Bogie," a "French Invasion," a "Yellow Panic," or a "Russian Danger"—and that a new emergency or two is now about due for any self-respecting journal, I hasten to offer a few wholly worthless remarks on the lurid American Peril which is now gathering in all its ghastliness upon our tobacco trade, our Underground Railway industry (if the word is not a misnomer), and others.

I am unbiassed, for personally I do not buy my cigarettes at two-pence-halfpenny—a dozen, even when tempted by the offer of a picture—Lord Roberts, General Buller, or some sensational novelty of that sort—or a bonus in bullion. I prefer to buy my own sawdust and shavings and make them up myself. However, before long a packet of whiffs may insure one's life for £1000 or give one a chance in a lottery for a corner-house in Park Lane. We may be subsidised by the great Trusts to accept their tobacco, and then it will be simply a painful duty to keep on constantly smoking, so as to earn the salary. Self-respecting fathers of families who rightly detest tobacco will have to become slaves to the degrading habit in order to provide for their children's future, and a heavy smoker can make himself self-supporting.

There is nothing debasing or hazardous to England's welfare in this. I am prepared to buy my gloves, clothes, champagne, and theatre-tickets at a lower figure, or accept them for nothing from a foreign syndicate, if such self-denial will give a stimulus to the world's commerce. We are too insular. After all, we should enter with eagerness into broad schemes of international enterprise. And, then, look at the straightforward dealing of Mr. Duke, the centre of the American Tobacco Trust! He does not come over "for his health" or "for recreation," like the other financiers, but, with a frankness worthy of an Englishman, openly discloses that he has come on business.

The secret of the success of these great tobacco concerns lies, of course, in finding a new want and supplying it, just as a butcher's boy left an Irish village and made an immense fortune by buying up land in America where towns were going to be and selling it again. There have been days when people were excommunicated from their Church and even hanged for smoking! There was "nothing in" the tobacco industry then. Nowadays, urchins stop a Cabinet Minister in the street and ask him for a light, smoking-rooms for schools have been proposed in Australia, and smoking-saloons in various suburbs of London for the use of the tramps who frequent the public reading-rooms.

Reports of important battles and weighty leading articles have to be cut out of the daily papers to make room for bloated advertisements of schoolboys' five-a-penny cigarettes. Ladies apologise for not smoking after dinner. What would James I. have said if he had known that permission to smoke would have been agitated for in a church in Brooklyn, in America? Probably something unprintable. So with the other Yankee importations. An inventor who proposed electric railways at all a few generations ago would have been drowned in a sack, as a man of dangerous and evil mind; but would not even he have been as much "electrified" as London is at present if told that an American trolley system is talked of to connect Jericho and Samaria?

I shall not enter into a technical discussion with that fearfully perjured class, the experts—on whose future it makes one tremble to ponder—as to which electrical system is to be used to execute passengers

on these railways. If it comes to safety, is it not preferable to die of old age in the omnibuses than to be run over while walking in the streets, suffocated on the Underground, or electrocuted in the "Tubes"? However, in railway travelling I am of a strongly Forward policy. A short life and a merry one! I shall go in the "Tubes."

Kodaks are the last article to be "monopolised" and "Americanised"—up to the moment of going to press (there may be several more since)—but the object of this, I believe, is to avoid paying income-tax in England. The operation seems to be on sound commercial lines. I am hastening arrangements for converting my income into a Trust, under the title of the "International Massachusetts Salary and Emolument Company, Limited," selling out my holdings in myself and taking shares instead in the latter. What a pity some similar financial *coup* cannot be effected with gas and water rates!

HILL ROWAN.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

By Foulsham and Banfield, of Wigmore Street, W.

EARL OF EGLINTON.

The head of the house of Montgomerie, fifteenth holder of the grand old title originally bestowed on his ancestor close on five hundred years ago, is one of the most popular of British

Masters of Foxhounds. Both he and his Countess, *née* Cuninghame, of Craigends, are Scottish through and through, and noted, south and north of the Tweed, for their splendid and intelligent hospitality. Lord Eglinton is not only a keen sportsman, he is also a first-rate cricketer, but still, when all is said and done, he and Lady Eglinton are never happier than when on horseback. All through the season they hunt three days a week, and the Master of the Eglinton Hunt follows the good old rule, now more honoured in the breach than in the observance, of keeping the hounds, the kennels being visited every day both by Lord and Lady Eglinton. Eglinton Castle was, of course, the scene of the famous Tournament which the present Lord Eglinton's grandfather organised in 1839, and people sometimes wonder whether the genial Peer and his beautiful Countess will ever care to revive the glories of that great day. The Castle is full of interesting mementoes of the Tournament. Lord and Lady Eglinton have several children, their daughters being noted beauties, and their son and heir, Lord Montgomerie, who came of age last June, is as keen a sportsman as his father.

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"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES:
POPULAR ACTRESSES PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR DRESSING-ROOMS

By R. W. Thomas, of Cheapride.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AT THE SAVOY.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE AT THE GAIETY.

THE WAR OFFICE FROM INSIDE.

DURING the last few months the British people have heard much criticism of the War Office; but even among Londoners few have ever troubled to inquire where that important building is to be found. It is not too much to say that thousands whose pleasure or business takes them down Pall Mall are quite unaware, when they are passing a certain modest-looking mansion, flanked on either side by huge Clubs, that they are close to the heart, as it were, of the British Army, and to the spot where the fate of so many gallant men, including that of General Sir Redvers Buller, has been discussed and decided in one of the fine old-world apartments where Gainsborough, a century back, entertained and painted the dandies and the powdered belles who had the good fortune of being his patrons.

WHERE MARS RULES SUPREME.

The fine room, overlooking Carlton Gardens, now occupied by Mr. St. John Brodrick at the War Office would seem to any foreign observer, who happened to be introduced therein without being first told in what building it was situated, rather the home of the Muses than an apartment entirely under the influence of Mars. From the residential point of view, there are few more charming rooms in London, for it is light and airy, and the decorations, including that of the fine ceiling, were done to the order of the Duke of Cumberland by Italian artists. Many a London hostess would like to acquire the splendid mantelpiece of carved marble and agate, more suited to a drawing-room than to the study of the Secretary of State for War. Of course, Mr. Brodrick's visitors, if they have time to examine the nature and contents of the papers and of the bookcases which line the walls and lie about, at once realise that they are in a military atmosphere; but, to those giving only a cursory glance at the apartment, it would seem rather the work-room of a great traveller or geographer, for there are to be found, pinned up against the wall, and held also in large racks specially constructed for the purpose, all the newest and finest maps extant.

A HISTORIC TABLE

At one end of the room is an oval walnut table which will some day be regarded with the utmost interest by generations of English-speaking folk, for it was at this table that every detail concerning the South African campaign was discussed and settled; it was almost certainly round this same table that General Sir Redvers Buller was tried and condemned by his Peers—that is, by those who really rule the War Office—the Secretary of State for War, the Commander-in-Chief, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, and three or four other highly placed officials who are also officers.

A YEARLY FUNCTION.

Once a year, the Secretary of State's room at the War Office becomes the scene of a very splendid and stately function, for on the Sovereign's birthday a banquet takes place there, all the fine old furniture being, of course, removed for the nonce, while historic flags and warlike trophies are brought thither from the Tower, and form a background, for that one night only, to the brilliant company which has responded to the Secretary of State for War's invitation.

THE WAR OFFICE THEN AND NOW.

It has been said that there is no more thankless duty than that of watching over a great State Department which must, by the nature of things, during most of its existence be plunged into a state of profound torpor. When our mighty Empire is at peace with the world, the War Office finds its occupation gone, or, perhaps one should say, considers its occupation suspended. Imagine, therefore, what a Declaration of War means to such a Department, when each section is galvanised into eager life and energy, and revolves round the two head pivots, the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief.

"A MILITARY RABBIT-WARREN."

The mere physical fatigue of walking to and from the various buildings now known under the general title of the War Office must play no unimportant part in the life of the chief officials, for, in addition to the War Office proper, this great Government Department has actually headquarters at *seven* other addresses! This naturally greatly complicates matters in times like the present, and everyone is looking eagerly forward to the time when the various departments will be all gathered under one roof in the fine space provided for that purpose opposite the Horse Guards. Of course, the greatest labour falls on the subordinate officials: the two heads of the War Office can, to a certain extent, take their ease, and those whom they desire to see, of course, come to them.

THE ROOM OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

It is interesting to learn that the room occupied by Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief has been completely altered as regards decoration since the days when Lord Wolseley there reigned supreme; Sir Evelyn Wood, while acting as Commander-in-Chief, did not care to leave the apartment which he had made his own. A popular cartoon, published about a year ago, represented Lord Roberts, in his new quarters, the floor littered with documents and with various specimens of helmets and uniforms, telephoning down below, "Send me up a broom, please," the whole being headed "A Real Message from Mars." As an actual fact, the Commander-in-Chief's room is, of course, always scrupulously tidy, and, whatever the state of chaos gallant "Bobs" may have found, it was not of a nature which could have been even dimly guessed at by any visitor, for, outwardly, at least, military precision and decorum

reign supreme in the fine old apartment which has been occupied in turn by so many great soldiers.

THE WAR OFFICE £ S. D.

The hundreds of officials, permanent and otherwise, connected with the War Office divide among themselves each twelve months the truly enormous sum of close on a quarter of a million pounds, or, to be strictly accurate, £248,300. Of this fund, the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief receive severally £5000 and £4500 a-year. It is said that every effort is honestly made to keep down expenses, and some good stories have been told in this connection, notably of an officer who, when sent on inspection duty, sent in an account to the War Office bearing, among other particulars, the item, "Porter, 6d." After a considerable delay, during which time his account was not paid, he received a communication informing him that he must send in an entirely new bill, because "portage," and not "porter," was the correct term. Accordingly, when next sending in a record of expenses incurred on behalf of his country, the cashiers were surprised to find among the items a new word, "Cabbage, 1s. 6d."

FROM EARLY MORN TO FOGGY EVE.

Both Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts set an excellent example to their subordinates—they arrive early and leave late, and, both being men of great administrative power, they have managed to make their presence thoroughly felt in every section of the immense Department over which they have been appointed rulers. In one particular, Lord Roberts' influence has been very much felt. Since his reign began, the War Office clerk, that (in his own estimation) most important individual, who is considered socially to rank far above other Government clerks of the same standing, is compelled to write official communications in a clear and legible handwriting, for Lord Roberts has let it be plainly known that he has no patience with the type of young gentleman who objects to write a "clerkly" hand.

FRANCE'S GALLANT "HANDY MAN."

EVERY "Handy Man" worth his salt delights in the prospect of a fight, and it must be a keen disappointment to that section of the French Navy which last week made a demonstration in Turkish waters that the Sultan climbed down and did not allow our lively neighbours to proceed to extremities. The French Navy is, as most people are aware, the only one of the great Navies of the world that has, so far, made any attempt to keep pace, from a shipbuilding point of view, with this country, and France's naval officers and sailors are undoubtedly well equipped for any great international struggle.

THE PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHAMPTON OF FRANCE.

Toulon and Cherbourg, situated as they are at the very opposite ends of the country, may be called the Portsmouth and the Southampton of France. Toulon is an ideal man-o'-war port. It is situated in the delightful stretch of warm, sunny land which lies between Marseilles and Nice, and it is thought by Continental naval authorities to be as impregnable as is Gibraltar. Curiously enough, the majority of *matelots*—that is, Jack Tars—are drawn from those French provinces which edge the sea, namely, from Brittany, Normandy, and the whole of the Southern Riviera. The French inlander does not seem in the least drawn to a naval career, and it may be doubted whether a French boy of the ordinary type has ever run away from home or school to go to sea, as have done generations of British schoolboys all over the world. The fact, however, that the average French sailor has always been familiar with the sea is, perhaps, one reason why the French naval service is so excellent.

WHAT THE FRENCH "HANDY MAN" LOOKS LIKE.

To English eyes, accustomed to the neat, trim figures which go to compose a man-o'-war's crew, the sight of a group of French "Handy Men" at work or play must give something of a shock, for their uniform, if uniform it can be called, simply consists of a white "jumper," often several sizes too big for the wearer, loose, baggy trousers, and a quaint Tam-o'-Shanter, of the kind which English babies wear, finished off with a weird tassel. The men's favourite garments are woollen guernseys, which as often as not are the work of their mothers, wives, and sweethearts, for the *matelot* is quite as devoted to his feminine belongings, and they to him, as is the case with the British Jack Tar.

FRENCH NAVAL WORK AND PLAY.

The *matelot* is a very merry and cheerful individual, easily pleased and apparently ready to work or play. Discipline is more lax than is the case in the British Navy, but, on the other hand, the French "Handy Man" will get through a good deal more actual hard work in any given twelve hours than will his British brother. He is by nature intensely active, and at any given moment would rather be doing something than doing nothing. In yet another matter the French "Handy Man" can give points to our own sailors. Almost all of them are able to swim, and they spend a portion of their play-time literally in the water. Unfortunately, however, French sailors do not indulge in those health-giving games which play so great a part in the life of both British services, and their only really violent form of exercise is dancing.

FRANCE'S SEA-POET AND SEA-NOVELIST.

The French sailor, if he can read at all, is rather fond of books and papers, and most of them have read the works of the two really great

writers which the French Navy has, so far, produced. The first of these is "Pierre Loti," whose name is deservedly world-famous, and whose wonderfully pathetic stories, "Mon Frère Yves" and "Pêcheurs d'Islande," have made the French "Handy Man" understood, and it may even almost be said, loved, by innumerable foreign readers of his works. "Pierre Loti's" real name is Julien Viaud, and he was during the whole of his early life a French naval officer. France's sea-poet, who writes under the name of "Yann Nibor," really comes of the people. For generations his family have provided their native country

starve or ill-feed them. Every French sailor is himself something of a cook, and he has, at any rate, a very shrewd idea of how palatable food ought to be prepared. Plenty of good, strong soup, fish fried to a turn, and, in the South of France, fresh fruit, are important items of each day's menu. As regards drink, many sailors, especially those hailing from Normandy, remain faithful to the cider of their home, but others prefer an allowance of red *vin ordinaire*, and of late it has been noticed with great regret among those interested in such questions that the *matelot* is becoming distinctly fond of spirits.

FRANCE'S GALLANT "HANDY MAN."



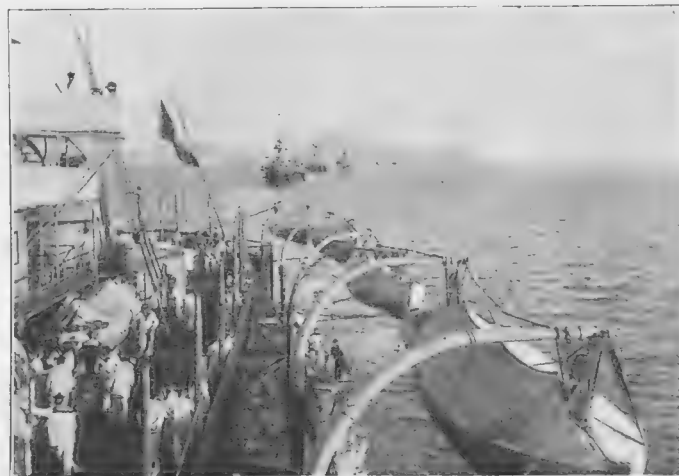
WAITING FOR THE ADMIRAL.



TORPEDO-BOAT MEN.



LAUNCHING THE "DUPETIT-MOUARS."



THE STERN OF THE "FORMIDABLE."



WASHING CLOTHES AT SEA.



WASHING THE DECKS.

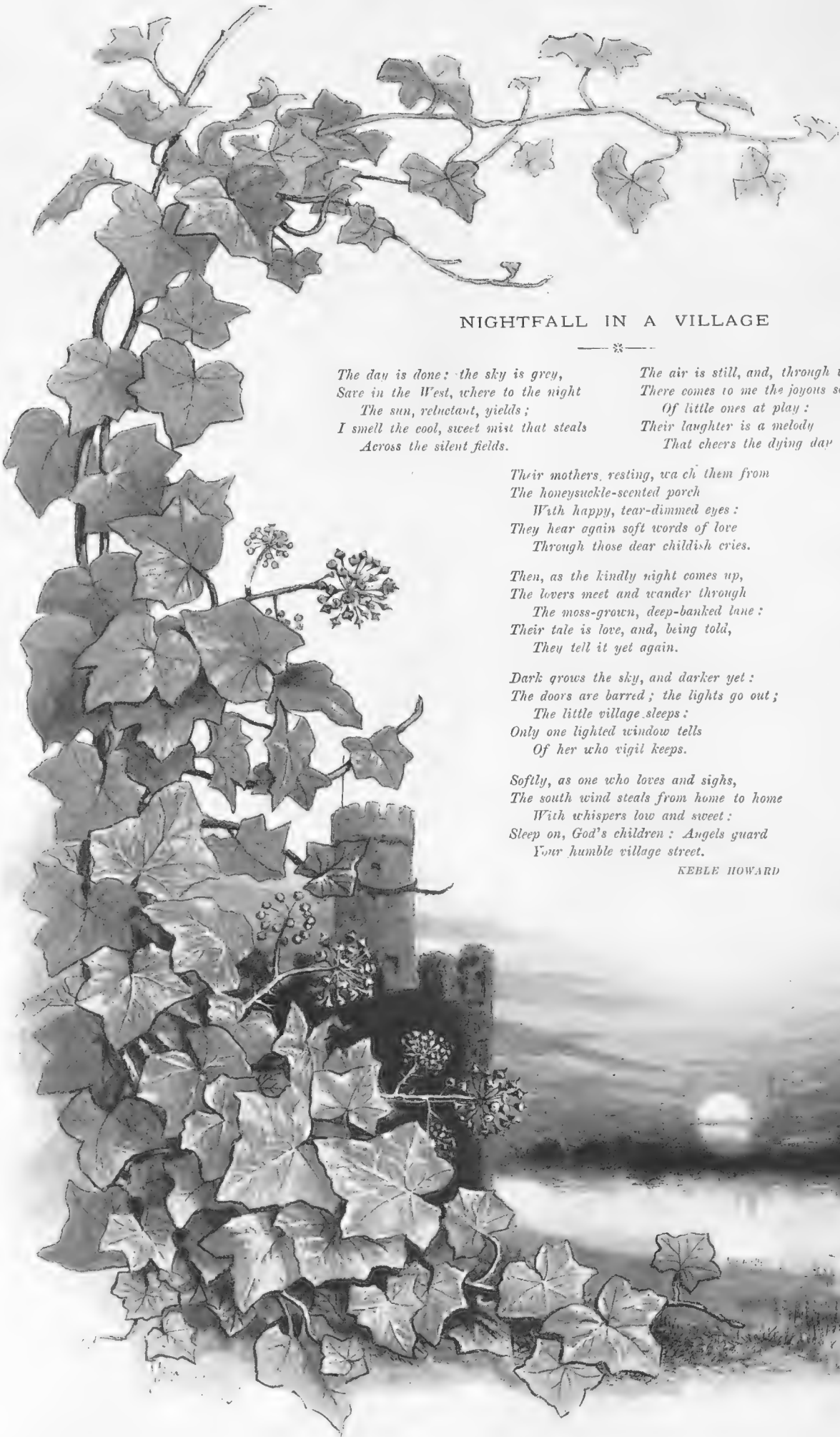
From Photographs by Bougault, Toulon, supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

with brave "Handy Men," and he himself served before the mast for many years. He is the Kipling of the French Navy, but he responds only to the tragic muse, and he has never cared to interpret the brighter and happier side of naval life.

THE "MATELOT'S" FOOD AND DRINK.

The French "Handy Man" certainly scores over the sailors of other nations where the great question of food and drink is concerned. The former is plentiful, nutritious, and thoroughly well cooked—indeed, France would soon see her Navy denuded of men were she to attempt to either

The more intelligent *matelots* are picked out to deal with all the work in connection with the torpedo flotilla, and the greatest interest is taken throughout the whole of the French Navy concerning what may be called the Submarine Section of the Fleet. It was at Toulon that the *Gustave Zédé*, the largest and most important submarine-boat yet built on the Continent, was tried, the results arousing great enthusiasm. The French "Handy Man" considers it a great honour to be chosen for this rather dangerous service, and there can be no doubt that there will be plenty of volunteers to take charge of the new submarines, which are, according to enthusiasts, to play so great a part in the French Navy.



NIGHTFALL IN A VILLAGE

— * —

*The day is done: the sky is grey,
Save in the West, where to the night
The sun, reluctant, yields;
I smell the cool, sweet mist that steals
Across the silent fields.*

*The air is still, and, through the dusk,
There comes to me the joyous sound
Of little ones at play:
Their laughter is a melody
That cheers the dying day*

*Their mothers, resting, wa ch them from
The honeysuckle-scented porch
With happy, tear-dimmed eyes:
They hear again soft words of love
Through those dear childish cries.*

*Then, as the kindly night comes up,
The lovers meet and wander through
The moss-grown, deep-banked lane:
Their tale is love, and, being told,
They tell it yet again.*

*Dark grows the sky, and darker yet:
The doors are barred; the lights go out;
The little village sleeps:
Only one lighted window tells
Of her who vigil keeps.*

*Softly, as one who loves and sighs,
The south wind steals from home to home
With whispers low and sweet:
Sleep on, God's children: Angels guard
Your humble village street.*

KEBLE HOWARD

THE WAR OFFICE FROM INSIDE.

From Photographs by H. N. King, London.



ROOM OCCUPIED BY MR. BRODRICK, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.



WHERE EARL ROBERTS (COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF) WORKS.

(See page 140.)



Direct Photo

"Is it true we're made of dust, Auntie?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then why don't we turn muddy when we drink?"



SHE : You don't seem to go in for anything that's really masculine.
HE : No ; that sort of thing has become so effeminate.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

UNDER A LAMP-POST.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.



HE fog of a November evening had lifted, making way for the cold and clammy touch of night.

Geoffrey Bellairs, pausing half-way across London Bridge in an aimless walk, leaned on the parapet and shivered, keenly conscious of the discomfort of the atmosphere. He was thinly—even meagrely—clad. His single-breasted coat was buttoned tightly over his chest and the collar of it was turned up; the coat was aggressively threadbare—a very eloquent testimony to the condition of its wearer; its sleeves

had shrunk, exposing a long expanse of wrist, unadorned by linen cuffs, and the edges of it were frayed. He wore a cap, dingy-coloured and weather-beaten; his boots gaped at the seams and their soles drank in the moisture of the pavement like a sponge. But if his attire did not sufficiently testify to the fact, one glance at Geoffrey Bellairs' face—lending to his general bearing the appearance of a sullen acquiescence in a prospect not less inevitable than humiliating, a kind of rebellious resignation to destiny. He had truly sunk low. The perception of contrast between what he was and what he had been smote him with a sudden inclination to break into a mirthless laugh, but the laugh was as suddenly checked upon his lips, and he started forward with a quick exclamation. A hansom had driven rapidly towards him, when, as it seemed without warning or reason, the horse had shied at a passing obstacle, and, taking fright, would have broken the next instant into a wild gallop, had not Geoffrey Bellairs, by a prophetic instinct, taken in the possibilities of the situation before they had time to develop themselves, and, acting on the impulse of an old athletic habit of earlier days, sprung forward and seized the horse's bridle as it passed him. For a yard or two he was dragged along beside the animal; but the weight of his body brought it to a sudden standstill beneath a lamp-post, close to the pavement. The whole incident had begun and ended within the limit of a few seconds, and the horse stood motionless while the driver on the box called out his gruff thanks to the man who had, at considerable risk to himself, averted a possible accident. Bellairs did not heed him. There was a lady seated inside the hansom. He bent forward, prompted by an old instinct of courtesy, to address to her a polite inquiry.

"I trust," he began, "that you are not—"; then he stopped midway in his sentence, for the light of the lamp-post shone full on the face of the lady. She was young, pretty, and richly dressed.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed.

It may have been the cold night-air, or the fright occasioned by the behaviour of the horse, that sent a little hysterical shiver through the lady at the sound of his voice. Or it may have been the sudden utterance of her name by one whom she had imagined a stranger. She leaned quickly forward as Geoffrey Bellairs stepped back, and gazed uneasily at the man standing under the lamp-post, with his coat-collar turned up and his cap pulled over his eyes; a strange, half-frightened recognition leapt into her face as her glance rested upon him an instant with a mute amazement.

"What! Is it you, Geoff?" she exclaimed in a low voice.

He was already turning away. She put out a detaining hand, delicately gloved, as though she would have tried to stop him. He noticed the gesture, and by an impulse—almost of defiance—turned again and faced her.

"Yes—it is I," he said.

"Geoffrey—Captain Bellairs!" she murmured, with eyes still half-incredulous and cheeks flushing.

Bellairs bowed.

"I hope you were not hurt?" he inquired formally.

She hesitated for the fraction of a second, then for reply threw open the folding-doors of the hansom.

"Will you please—get in?" she said, in a tone between imperiousness and entreaty.

Bellairs glanced swiftly at his clothes, shrugged his shoulders, looked at her, and shook his head.

"I see—I know!" she replied hurriedly. "But you must get in—I want to speak to you—"

He wavered. The thing had come upon him somewhat suddenly; of all women in the world and at such a moment he had least expected—least, it may be, desired—to see this one woman. Her eyes were bent strangely on his. He gave a reckless little laugh.

"If you wish it," he said; "but—"

He left the sentence unfinished; the pause was eloquent enough. The driver, however, was a little surprised to see this ragged man

suddenly step inside the hansom. The lady made room for him beside her with a dainty, half-shy movement of invitation, and, as Geoffrey Bellairs sat down, she pushed open the trap-door above and told the cabman to drive on.

"You wanted to speak to me?" said Bellairs, looking straight out before him.

"Yes."

There was a moment's silence.

"Captain Bellairs!"

"Miss Nugent—?"

"This—this is horrible!"

"I am here at your—request," he replied.

"I didn't mean that—I meant—"

Bellairs leaned back and gave a hard little laugh.

"I know what you mean. Don't trouble to explain yourself." Then he looked at her. "You have not changed, Eleanor. You are prettier than ever. It is two years—quite two years—since we met last and—parted."

"Yes."

"At Lady Maxwell's ball."

She inclined her head.

"I've been travelling downhill a bit since then, you perceive!"

"Is it so—so bad as all that?" she inquired, with an inflection of anxiety.

"Yes. I have nearly reached the end: I am quite candid, you see—I have got beyond the stage of false pride, otherwise I should not be sitting here, beside you, in this rig-out. And—to be candid—I do not know why I *am* sitting here."

"You look most awfully hard-up." Her voice faltered.

"I look what I am. But had you not better stop the hansom and let me get out before we reach the West-End?"

"No—not yet."

He raised his eyebrows.

"You wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes."

Bellairs gave a curious laugh.

"How monosyllabic you are!" he observed. "You used not to be," he added.

"I have not quite recovered from the shock of—of—"

"Discovering your old admirer in this somewhat undignified plight? No wonder! I was rather a smart chap once. But that's all over since—since— Well, what is the use of whining? I did not want to see you, Eleanor. I never wished to see you again. You cannot be surprised, I think."

"I suppose I should have no right to be."

"I suppose not. Under the circumstances, it is, perhaps, less surprising still. The world is a funny place. One night a ball-room, the next London Bridge. A ding-dong affair, and even the best go under sometimes, you know. I never myself laid claim to the distinction of being considered one of the best—or even the second-best," he added candidly. "I fear I crush your skirt?"

He moved ostentatiously a little further from her.

"Don't!" she murmured.

Bellairs frowned.

"I cannot conceive why you asked me to get in here," he exclaimed impatiently. "I am no longer a fit plaything for a dainty Miss. My ball-room days are over! I am quite brutally matter-of-fact. I don't mind telling you that I am hungry. If that doesn't make you despise me—I give it up!"

The girl stifled something that seemed like a little sob.

"Hungry! Oh, Captain Bellairs!"

"Kindly drop the 'Captain,' please. I am no longer a credit to the Service," he said, almost roughly. "Besides, I hate anything in the shape of pity."

"And you have quite forgotten the—the old days?" she murmured.

"Yes. It doesn't do to remember them—when a man is down to bed-rock. Then you are not yet married?"

She started slightly.

"No."

"Nor engaged? I take the liberty of an old acquaintance, you see."

"Nor engaged," she said slowly.

Bellairs looked at her.

"That is strange!" he remarked; "for, 'pon my soul, Miss Nugent, I never saw a prettier girl."

"You have not forgotten how to flatter, at any rate!" she replied, with a nervous laugh.

"I didn't mean it as flattery; but you remember the occasion of our parting?"

"Yes—I remember it."

"I asked you to marry me. You refused. You were wise," he added, smiling bitterly. "A girl should never marry a man she does not care for."

"It was not that."

Bellairs turned suddenly.

"Not that?" he repeated.



COUNT
D'ORSAY
MR.
H. BEERBOHM
TREE.

FERDINAND.
MR.
COURTICE
POUNDS.
OCTAVIO.
MR.
ROBB
HARWOOD.

MR. ROBB HARWOOD.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

MR. COURTICE POUNDS.

A SCENE FROM "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

D'ORSAY GETS INTO HIS STOCK WITH THE AID OF HIS TWO VALETS.

"I couldn't. I—you—" She faltered and stopped, confused. There was a moment's silence. Bellairs' eyes were fixed strangely on her face.

"What do you mean?" he said, in a hard tone.

"Well, surely you know!" she answered appealingly. "It was—impossible. You were so—so poor!" She gulped at the word. The hansom turned a corner sharply and grazed the kerbstone with a jolt. Bellairs' arm touched hers. His hand closed suddenly on her wrist.

"Then you—you cared for me all the time?" he exclaimed passionately, facing her with burning eyes.

Her response was inarticulate. Bellairs flung her wrist from him almost fiercely.

"My God!" he groaned. "And if I had only known—only known!"

She touched his sleeve with a little, timid, frightened gesture.

"I—I thought you knew. I thought you would—come back!"

He laughed hoarsely.

"If I had known, I would never have gone! I would never have been what I am now—what you see me! But it's too late to rail; it's over and done with; there can be no going back—the road's too long!"

"Please don't say that! Please try and, and—forgive me! I wanted to tell you—my father—I hardly know how to. . . ." she stammered.

"Well," he said, in an altered voice, "what do you wish to tell me, Miss Nugent? Your father—?"

"Is dead. Do you not understand? I—I am rich."

"I congratulate you," he said curiously. "That, however, is the more reason that—I should relieve you of my society—instantly. I presume you are driving to your mother's house? You can hardly expect me to—er—escort you to the hall-door!"

He rose, and, pushing open the trap, called to the driver to stop. The hansom pulled up.

"You are not going to leave me—like this?" she entreated.

He bowed.

"I have no alternative."

"Must you force me to confess—*everything*. Captain Bellairs?" she exclaimed in desperation. "I, too, have been miserable—for two years—and now!"

He looked at her, and a sudden tenderness crept into his wan eyes.

"God bless you, Eleanor, little girl!" he said gently. "Good-bye!"

"No, no!" she faltered.

But he had already opened the door of the hansom and stepped out on to the wet pavement.

"Captain Bellairs—Geoffrey!" she cried, stretching out her hands.

"Drive on!" said Bellairs to the cabman.

And, as the hansom disappeared into the murky darkness beyond, Geoffrey Bellairs stood still and watched it with a smile upon his face.

"FRENCH'S CAVALRY CAMPAIGN."

THE present moment is most opportune for the issue of this book on our great Cavalry General. Written by Mr. J. G. Maydon, Member of the Natal Legislative Assembly, dedicated to the memory of David, eighth Earl of Airlie, who fell "in the moment of victory and at the head of his regiment," it is published by that enterprising firm, C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. Both Preface and Introduction are well worth reading, the latter especially, for it traces the origin of the struggle for supremacy in South Africa to its very commencement, and shows that the memory of the triumphs of De Ruyter and Van Tromp on the high seas over the hated Britisher is even now cherished by their descendants in South Africa. Mr. Maydon had gone from England to Natal with a desire to take service as a belligerent, but, finding volunteers were not exactly welcome there, he accepted the invitation of the *Daily News* to act as its Correspondent in the advance from Cape Colony. To this fact we are indebted for a most graphic and picturesque description of General French's relief of Kimberley, the capture of Cronjé and his army, and the advance on and occupation of Bloemfontein. In addition, there are chapters on "Methuen and the Modder River," "Magersfontein," and "Rensburg and the Grassy Hill," and, though Mr. Maydon does not hesitate to speak very plainly on matters which have caused some controversy, it may at once be said that he contrives in very few words and with no apparent effort to give his readers a vivid picture of what he saw for himself, this being all the more interesting as it is told by a civilian for civilians, and so does not savour overmuch of technicalities. An ardent admirer of General French, Mr. Maydon thinks, with him, that the campaign not only demonstrated that the Cavalry is not a played-out Arm, but quite the reverse, for though the Mounted Infantrymen were of great service, he says, "My eyes have seen that, what the latter can do, the former can do better." He thinks, rightly, that the Mounted Infantryman should be what his name implies, "an infantryman on horseback, to be moved quickly and with little fatigue to a salient point." In conclusion, one may say that the book is remarkably free from errors, though the "Carabinieri" and the "Inniskillings" are both described on more than one occasion as the "6th Dragoons." The former are, of course, the "6th Dragoon Guards." Some interesting snapshots taken by Captain W. H. Greenly, then Adjutant of the Earl of Airlie's regiment, the 12th Royal Lancers, accompany the letter-press.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ALL who read Lucas Malet's really remarkable novel, "Sir Richard Calmady," will be struck by the labour which must have been expended in the writing of such a book. As a matter of fact, I believe Mrs. Harrison has been steadily at work on this novel for five years, while the story was begun fully a dozen years ago, when she was living in Clovelly.

Mrs. Harrison, by the way, has recently given utterance to a very clever criticism of American Society which strikes me as being remarkably just. "The main drawback to American Society," she says, "is that the young girl is of too much importance. I should like to see your influential men give more tone to Society, as they do in England. Young girls, of course, are very pretty and sweet and charming, but it is not to be expected that they should be intellectually interesting. The consequence is that, when you grant them such an important place, men of thought and position come to regard Society as beneath their dignity, unworthy of serious consideration. However, as America progresses, your women are likely to find themselves forced to play a less important rôle." The interviewer who extorted this criticism remarked that Mrs. Harrison did not seem to have a particularly high opinion of her own sex, to which the author of "Sir Richard Calmady" made reply: "Well, the fact of the matter is that women can't teach me anything I don't already know, being a woman myself, whereas men can teach me a great deal." I like that.

I wish the Editor of "Who's Who" could be persuaded to publish a Preface to his work, something in the way of the delightful introduction to "Crockford," which might let us into the secrets of the editorial office and of the correspondence which, of course, must pour in upon him from all sides. He might take a leaf out of the book of the Editor of "Who's Who in America," and, at any rate, not cut down so ruthlessly the delightful confessions which must surely be found in many of the autobiographies sent to his office. It would be so interesting to read, as I do in the American edition, that a certain lady, for instance, was "reared in luxury," that another "began writing stories at the age of eight," and that yet another was selected "on account of distinguished appearance for life-sized portraits for exhibition." I can think of many names for whose unedited autobiographies I would pay a good round sum. In spare moments, I have, it is true, made a small collection of similar documents, but it is far from complete.

And does the Editor of "Who's Who" in this country have the same difficulty as his American *confrère* with regard to that terrible "date of birth" which figures on his list of required biographical data? I see that several American ladies wrote in the line such comments as "Not necessary," or "Leave out," and I regret to say that one authoress at least has moved her natal day two years forward since the publication of "Who's Who" in 1899.

But the best thing in this Preface is certainly the reply of one man who reported himself as "married," and, upon receiving his proof with a note, "Please give the maiden name of your wife," returned it with the following reply: "I am sorry I cannot comply with your request to give you my wife's maiden name, as she is now travelling in Europe."

Mr. Stopford Brooke's great work on Browning is almost complete and will be published in the spring by Messrs. Isbister and Co.

If Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Marietta," hardly reaches the excellence of his "Saracinesca" series, it is certainly by far the finest piece of work he has written for some time past. The chief criticism I have of the book is that Mr. Crawford gives us too little of the old Italian aristocracy which he paints so admirably, and rather too much of the struggle of a foreigner to obtain a position in one of the most exclusive Venetian Guilds. Such a struggle was, no doubt, Homeric enough in the days of long ago, but it is difficult for the reader at the present time to escape from the feeling that all this "pother" was rather petty, and that there was too much cry for so little wool. It is when the story touches the nobility of Venice, especially when it introduces "the Ten," that we fall under the glamour of that wonderful city where "between the tall houses the young summer moon fell across the black water rippling under the freshening breeze, like a shower of silver falling into a widow's lap." No one who has ever visited Venice and come under its spell can afford to miss "Marietta."

And no one who has lived in Germany can afford to miss Mrs. Sidgwick's new novel, "Cynthia's Way." Mrs. Sidgwick is one of the very few writers of the present day who can look at Continental life with a thoroughly British eye, but, at the same time, with a thoroughly understanding heart. To anyone who has lived in Germany, every page of "Cynthia's Way" contains a delightful reminiscence—delightful because it is a reminiscence and because memory has for the most part rose-coloured glasses. Every German characteristic seems to have been collected and ticketed by Mrs. Sidgwick. It is a bold thing to say, but I am inclined to believe that, if you could pass an examination upon Mrs. Sidgwick's novels of German life, you could lay claim to an almost perfect understanding of the smallness and greatness, the pettiness and grossness, the poetry and cookery—which is Germany. o. o.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) evening—unless postponement suddenly sets in after *The Sketch* has gone to press—Messrs. Greet and Engelbach will produce at the Savoy a revised version of Captain Basil Hood's dainty little drama in three panels,

"IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA,"

the music to which is by Signor Leoni. The casts of these pieces are strong, including Messrs. H. A. Lytton, H. Thorndike, Powis Pinder,



MISS LOUIE POUNDS,

WHO WILL PLAY CHRISTINA IN THE MUSICAL VERSION OF "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA,"
PRODUCED AT THE SAVOY TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) NIGHT.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Robert Evett, Reginald Crompton, W. H. Leon, and Walter Passmore, and Misses Rosina Brandram, Ellie May, Gaston-Murray, and Isabel Jay, and Mrs. Courtice Pounds.

By way of after-piece to "Ib and Little Christina," there will be presented a new one-Act play, entitled

"THE WILLOW PATTERN."

Captain Hood is also the librettist of this piece, the composer being Mr. R. C. Cook, and not Mr. François Cellier, the Savoy's esteemed musical director, as some journals have stated. It will be interesting to certain old playgoers and play-students to note whether this little Chinese play in any way resembles "The Willow-Pattern Plate" extravaganza written some forty-odd years ago by Frank Talfourd, who was not only the best burlesque-writer of his short period, but who, without doubt, largely influenced his more prolific and, perhaps, more ready-witted successor, Henry J. Byron.

Messrs. Greet and Engelbach assure me that there is no truth whatever in the rumours which have been spread about to the effect that they have arranged to sublet the Savoy. As I have already told *Sketch* readers, these two extensive theatrical managers have secured a twenty-one years' lease of this long-famous playhouse from Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, and they mean to keep it themselves.

About the end of January, Savoyard playgoers are to see Messrs. Hood and German's new Elizabethan comic opera, which, as was originally stated in *The Sketch*, is to be called "Merrie England."

"BEYOND HUMAN POWER," AT THE ROYALTY.

"Beyond Human Power" was rather startling to those who went to the Royalty Theatre with no knowledge of the nature of Björnson's play. Even the description, "serious drama," hardly prepared the playgoer for long discussions as to the meaning of the term "Christianity" and the relation of miracles to faith and to ecclesiastical policy. Fortunately, the play was not so formidable as might have been expected. The author happens to be a man of genius, and even in a translation his work shows power and arrests attention; moreover, there is a very fine suggestion of character in the main persons of the piece. It is not unjust to complain that there is rather too much talk to the quantity

of thrill, but there were very thrilling moments at the end of each Act. One does not wish or fear that this sort of thing will become the fashion, since what Björnson has treated earnestly, if with painful ambiguity, others would handle in a mere catch-penny spirit. Moreover, conversation about the theatres would become awful if it involved discussions of a theological character. The poor critic, after the customary insulting question, "What do you *really* think about the new play?" could hardly stand inquiries as to his view about the questions of dogma propounded in a piece. Certainly the production is much to the credit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Manager, since the play is a work of real merit, clearly has no money in it, and does not give her a great acting part. Yet it enables her to show how amazing is her skill in that she avoids anything like monotony during the whole of a long Act in which she lies constantly on her bed. Here is a real technical triumph, rendered, indeed, the more noteworthy by the great charm of the actress, whose position on our stage is now unique. Mr. Titheradge, in a cruelly exacting if short part as the true Christian, played admirably, and nothing but lack of personal charm prevented him from producing a deep impression. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier also distinguished himself by a personation of much skill and quiet power.

Pending Mr. Pinero's play for Miss Irene Vanbrugh to take the leading part being ready for use at the Duke of York's, Mr. Charles Frohman has arranged for Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker to adapt, for Miss Vanbrugh to play in, a comedy from the smart pen of Herr Fulda. For this play "made in Germany," it would seem that the title at present selected is

"TWIN SISTERS."

I should not be surprised, however, to find this title claimed by another playwright, though, for the moment, I cannot trace that playwright or his play.

In the meantime, Mr. Lewis Waller and Co. are going well at the Duke of York's with Mr. H. V. Esmond's strong, if sad, new drama, "The Sentimentalist," now somewhat revised.

Mr. Penley, who has just revived that amusing play, "Uncles and Aunts," at the Great Queen Street Theatre, with himself again as funny little Zedekiah Aspen, will presently produce a new two-Act drama, called

"MY LADY'S PORTRAIT."

It is the work of Mr. H. T. Johnson, and will be used as a front-piece to "Uncles and Aunts."

KUBELIK'S AMERICAN TOUR.

Herr Jan Kubelik, the musical "star" of the London Season, will proceed to the United States on Nov. 20 to give a series of sixty concerts. He will be accompanied by Mr. Hugo Görlitz, who was the director of the Paderewski tours. Previous to his departure, Herr Kubelik will give a recital at Queen's Hall on Nov. 19, and another at the Philharmonic Hall,



HERR JAN KUBELIK, WHO GIVES HIS LAST LONDON CONCERT, BEFORE
SAILING FOR AMERICA, ON NOV. 19.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Liverpool, the next day. He will return from America in time for the London Season of 1902, his first appearance being already arranged for.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

Mr. Louis Harfield, the new President of the Playgoers' Club, is an old theatrical hand. He has been an actor-author-manager

and has toured in the provinces with his own Company, playing chiefly pieces written by himself. Subsequently, he abandoned the profession for the City, with more profitable results. Mr. Harfield, however, never lost his interest in the theatre. He is a keen first-nighter, and holds strong views on the drama. There are three events which will especially mark his year of office: the production of Miss Netta Syrett's play, the result of the George Alexander play competition; the scheme to take some of the poorer children to the pantomime this winter, under the auspices of the Club; and finally, in the new year, Mr. Harfield intends to join the ranks of the Benedicts.



MR. LOUIS HARFIELD, NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

The Century Theatre is, according to latest advices, to reopen on the 23rd inst with

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK,"

pending the production of a specially concocted, brand-new musical play. The beautiful Miss Madge Lessing is to take the name-part, so long played by the ditto Miss Edna May, and Mr. Frank Lawton and that fine and funny character-comedian, Mr. J. E. Sullivan, will enact their original parts.

Before producing a new full-sized comic opera at the Century, Mr. George B. McLellan in all probability will submit a new version of the late Lewis Carroll's

"THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS."

This will, to a large extent, be played by Children for Children. The last-named juvenile branch, however, will doubtless take care to bring Paterfamilias and Materfamilias with them, unless the said parents should be "naughty."

As to the Century, it does not seem to be understood, either by paragraphists or playgoers, that Mr. George B. McLellan is, as was his recent partner there (Mr. Frank De Jong), but a tenant of that beautiful new theatre. The chief control lies in the hands of Mr. Tom B. Davis, of the Lyric, who is the Managing Director of a Company called "The Century Theatre Company, Limited." Mr. McLellan has simply arranged with Mr. Davis to provide entertainments for a time on sharing terms.



"SHERLOCK HOLMES, LONDON."

How some of Mr. Gillette's Correspondents address their Letters of Congratulation.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, has lately "boiled down" his novel and drama, entitled "Grif," into music-hall sketch dimensions. This sketch was recently tried with such encouraging success that it is being booked around the chief variety houses, with Miss Alice Esden (lately of the Court) in the name-part, as originally played by her in the drama which Mr. Farjeon prepared some years ago, with the skilled assistance of Mr. W. Lestocq.

A clever little musical comedietta, written and composed by Mr. Duncan Tovey, and entitled

"BROWN OF B COMPANY,"

recently tried with success, is about to be seen in certain of the big variety theatres and at certain of the best Amateur Dramatic Clubs.

THE LADY AND THE LIONS.

This is a rough pencil-sketch made by a member of the Licensing Committee of the London County Council at the Clerkenwell Session House on Friday, Nov. 1. Some question having been asked at the "L.C.C." about the performance of Mdle. Heliot and her lions at the Hippodrome,



THE LADY AND THE LIONS.

Sketched at the Licensing Session of the London County Council by a well-known Member.

Mr. Gill, K.C., in appearing for the renewal of the licence for this popular place, had Mdle. Heliot and her celebrated "fork" present in Court; but, on his assurance that there was nothing of such a terrible character in the entertainment, and after explaining that the awful-looking fork was "hollow" and used only to hand the lions their portion of the repast which they partook of during the representation, the Committee decided not to call the lady as a witness (possibly because she had omitted to bring the lions) and granted the licence the same as last year.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL SMOKING CONCERT

(to which the Editor of *The Sketch* cordially wishes every success) promises to be exceptionally attractive. So noble and so admirably managed an institution well deserves the hearty support of the theatrical and musical professions, and I am happy to be able to announce that some very distinguished artists have generously consented to sing or to recite at the forthcoming entertainment, which will be in aid of the Cancer Wards of the Middlesex Hospital. I shall have the pleasure of giving a list of these notabilities shortly. The Concert takes place on Thursday night, Dec. 5 (note the date), at the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Death of Mr. J. K. Starley—The Difficulty of Disposing of Old Machines—A Cycling Inconsistency—The Riviera for Cycle Tours—The Value of Cycles.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 13, 5.12; Thursday, 5.11; Friday, 5.9; Saturday, 5.8; Sunday, 5.6; Monday, 5.5; Tuesday, 5.4.

The sport, the pastime, and the industry of cycling have lost a champion by the death of Mr. John Kemp Starley. It was Mr. Starley who first made bicycling possible to all by the introduction of the rear-driving bicycle, sometimes known as the "dwarf" or "safety." Mr. Starley did not claim to be the actual inventor of the type of machine, but what he did claim was that he took the crude and impracticable material at hand and from it evolved the precursor of the bicycle of to-day. It was in 1885 that the first rear-driving machine was put upon the market, since when all other types have been swept from the field, and cycling is, to all intents and purposes, now confined to the style of machine which Mr. Starley made sixteen years ago.

It cannot be gainsaid that Mr. Starley conferred lasting benefits upon the pastime; he made a practical machine, so that cycling, instead of being a sort of athletic achievement, became a recreation for the young, the middle-aged, and the old of both sexes, a condition of things impossible before. I see it is mooted that a memorial to the late inventor may be erected in Coventry—the home of the cycle industry—similar, in some respects, to that put up to the memory of Mr. James Starley, who was known as the "Father of Cycling."

There are many cyclists who would like to purchase a new machine each year, in order to be up-to-date and to secure all the advantages and novelties which each new year's cycles bring with them. A difficulty, sometimes amounting to prohibition, arises in connection with the disposal of the old machine. It is a singular fact that, once a bicycle has been ridden, its market value depreciates alarmingly, frequently more than fifty per cent. Why this should be I cannot imagine, since the majority of first-class bicycles are as good in their bearing parts at the close of a season's riding as when they were new. The explanation may be that "best" cycles are so difficult to wear out that the cycle agent, in order to make a profit on each transaction, cannot possibly allow on the old machine anything like its real value. I would strongly advise those readers who desire to dispose of their old machines to try advertising first, as very few agents care for what is called the "exchange business."

The impossibility of one man or one thing pleasing everybody is manifest to all. In cycling affairs, anomalies almost amounting to inconsistencies frequently occur. Two innovations in machine manufacture have been put upon the market during the past two years. These are the cross-frame bicycle and the spring-frame bicycle, the former claiming advantages which, according to the latter, are disadvantages, and *vice versa*. Yet both secure an abundance of adherents and believers. The object of the cross-frame is to secure vertical rigidity, and that of the spring-frame is to secure vertical flexibility, objects diametrically opposed. The cross-frame is one whereby the tubing is so crossed and

"tied" at certain points that there is no vertical spring whatever in the framework, it being admitted that there is a certain amount of flexibility in the ordinary type. It is difficult to reconcile this principle with that of the spring-frame, which is so made that there is considerable elasticity between the wheels and the main framework, whereby the springs absorb the vibration caused by the inequalities of the road. Theoretically, both systems are good: the stiffer the frame is, the faster and easier the bicycle should be to drive; yet, where there is excessive vibration caused by great rigidity, the spring-frame should be more advantageous, on the principle of the springless *versus* the hung carriage. The popular style of framework has been in existence some ten years, and, in spite of the many attempts during a decade to improve upon it, such efforts have had very little recognition and no lasting support.

From now forward until the end of March there is no more delightful touring-ground than the South of France. Of course, the Riviera Season proper does not start until well after the new year, but, at a time when English roads are deep in mud and biting winds prevail, there exists on the northern shores of the Tideless Sea what I may, perhaps, be forgiven for terming a cyclist's paradise. I have cycled from Marseilles to San Remo in December, and have repeated the experiment in the full swing of the Season, but, I must confess, if I went again I should select the earlier period. The fact is, we cyclists, when on tour, are rather hampered for want of luggage-carrying facilities. As I have before pointed out, the cyclist, to thoroughly enjoy himself, should not burden himself with a lot of baggage, nor rely upon railway companies to forward it from place to place. At the same time, if one visits such an extremely fashionable resort as the Riviera in the Season, some provision in this direction becomes almost a necessity. Again, the hotel difficulty (and it is a difficulty in such places as Hyères, Cannes, and Mentone) is greatly minimised by touring before the great immigration of seekers after health and pleasure comes about.

The best starting-place for a Riviera tour is undoubtedly Marseilles. This maritime city is itself extremely interesting, rife with historical associations, and possessing charming environs. The road over the spurs of the Alpes Maritimes to Toulon is one of the best I have ever been on, and the descent to Toulon itself through the famous gorge makes up a ride which has few equals in scenic surroundings. From Toulon to Cannes the road is hilly, but of easy gradient, and thenceforward to the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia the way lies by the shore through the famous Rivieran show-places and resorts. It is a good plan to join the Touring Club de France and take advantage of the many facilities which this excellent organisation has secured for the "Man on the Wheel."

The arguments of the man who cannot see what there is in a bicycle to cost so much money are oftentimes amusing, but must be frequently exasperating to the dealer, who knows how delicately made a piece of machinery the cycle is. There are those who aver that no bicycle ought to cost more than five pounds, and, indeed, there are some which are not worth that amount. The bicycle, like everything else, can be made either good or bad, and those who desire a really sound machine should be prepared to pay the premium placed upon expert workmanship and for superior material.

R. L. J.



MISS HENRIETTA WATSON, NOW PLAYING MRS. CAREW IN "THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Ascot.

At last a serious attempt is to be made to improve the running-track at Ascot, and I do hope the experiment will meet with success. Fifteen years back, when the turf at the Oval was bad, very bad, I made a suggestion to the effect that the Surrey County Club should induce the Agent to the Duchy of Cornwall to allow the pitch to be re-covered with turf obtained from the Duchy Downs in Wiltshire. I said that my father, who was tenant of the Downs, would not object to the turf being taken. I now propose that the Ascot course be re-turfed from the Wiltshire Downs. I am certain it could be done successfully, and the going would in time become as good on the Royal Heath as it is at Beckhampston and Manton. The Duchy of Cornwall owns miles of Downs well covered with good turf that would grow on any subsoil. Indeed, my own brothers rent miles of Downs under the Duchy, and I am sure they would not object to the experiment suggested being made. I do not think architects, surveyors, or even trainers, are the sort of experts to consult as to the laying of race-tracks. Why not call in the aid of one or two farmers who have laid down a few miles of arable land to grass or who know something about the management of turf—I do not mean The Turf?

Derby.

The Autumn Meeting held at Derby is generally a very big affair, but I notice that this year the first

day is allowed to clash with the last day of the Northampton fixture, an unpardonable mistake and one that should be rectified in the future. As I have often told before, although some of the biggest shareholders in the Derby racecourse are bookmakers, the betting at the Midland meeting is generally very bad. A capital programme has been issued for the present fixture. Torrent, I am told, is very good business for the Chesterfield Nursery, and Longy, who has been on the shelf for some time, may win the Markheaton Plate, unless Lord Quex, who belongs to the King, takes it into his head to try. The chief item of the meeting will be the Derby Cup, which is to be run for on Friday. Only thirty-seven of the original seventy-seven accepted, but the contents include some of the best horses in training. With a run, I should not look beyond the Derby winner for the victor, and only in the absence of Volodyovski should I suggest the chance held by Refractor, who, it will be remembered, beat Eager in the race for the Royal Hunt Cup, "since when he has won no other." The Osmaston Nursery will not attract a field of average size. I think The Buck will get back the money lost over him at Newmarket. Little Eva is one of the fastest sprinters in training, and she ought to easily win the Chatsworth Plate if the race is considered good enough to go for.

Systems.

Correspondents continue to load me with circulars from tipsters and system-mongers offering to them fortunes for nothing. One gentleman claims that his system predicted the winner of a certain big handicap. It seems that he gives horses that have run fourth the last time out. The horse named had run fourth previous to winning, but the fourth was gained in a field of four! I think this is the funniest incident that has happened this year in connection with systems. The following is an extract from a circular received by many readers—

DEAR SIR,—I beg to say that, some months ago, I discovered what seemed to me an infallible starting-price system of making money on the Turf, and, having worked it with the greatest success since the flat-racing season commenced, I have proved without the least shadow of doubt that loss is impossible. My object in writing now is to invite those who would care to participate in the system, either now or during the coming hurdle season, and so enjoy a good income from a very moderate capital. I may mention that the chief feature in this system is that the capital is entirely in your own hands, and can

be worked with your own bookmaker, and you would simply have to carry out my instructions, which would be wired each day before operations commence. The capital required is £200, and at the very outside would double itself in ten weeks, with the possibility of doing so in a month.

The system might be every bit as good as the author paints it; but, if it is a big find, it should be too good a thing to be either given away or sold. Surely the gentleman with the system does not expect to get £200 per month from the sale of it, while circulars, advertising, &c., to sell it would cost at least £200 per month. Then why not double the capital required to work the business by the simple mode of putting the money into the hands of the bookmaker—*pro tem.*, of course?

Electricity.

The Fog Fiend has played the Turk with racing of late, and it has caused many upsets of form. The level-headed speculator will not trust his money in the dark, but the reckless plunger considers it an addition to the excitement of the game. If we are to have periodical fogs, our Clerks of Courses will have to establish plants to supply the electric-light to our racecourses. It would be easy indeed to race if the light were laid on as it is in and around the Nine Elms Goods Station, for instance. I was one of those who had a hand in the football match played by electric-light at the Oval many years ago, and, if I remember aright, it was possible to see the game quite clearly so long as the light did not go out. Further, there are no end to the possibilities of electricity. We might race night and

day. That is, we could attend a day meeting at Kempton, and then cross the Thames and hold a night meeting at Hurst Park. But a truce to joking! I beg to submit, most respectfully, of course, that, if the fog is so thick that the whole of the races cannot be seen, the sport should at once be stopped. The late Mr. Fred Swindell would not trust his money in the air, and present-day plungers should not be given the chance to let theirs go in the fog.

An old adage says "Ginger for pluck and black for beauty." It is surprising how many of the jockeys have been of the real old Saxon colour. I heard a capital story this week. It seems a little jockey who rode his second winner at the last Newmarket Meeting is a son of a South London 'bus-driver, and on the night of the son's success his father was a bit above himself with

joy. He was explaining to the passengers how his boy had beaten one of the best jockeys riding at the present time; and he remarked, as a parting shot, "The boy has red hair; so has his father, so has Bob Fitzsimmons, Shakspeare, and all the other champions at all games!"

CAPTAIN COE.



FROGMORE HOUSE, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL TAKE UP THEIR RESIDENCE WHILST WINDSOR CASTLE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE WORKMEN.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

FROGMORE HOUSE.

The return of the Sovereign to Frogmore House after over forty years—for His Majesty and Queen Alexandra spent there the first winter of their married life—recalls interesting events to the older inhabitants of the Royal Borough. It was in this charming minor Royal residence, which is situated within a short walk of stately Windsor Castle, that the then Heir-Apparent and his beautiful bride delighted to give informal luncheons and dinner-parties to their friends; there that the good people of Windsor first learnt to know and love King Edward's Consort; there also that the birth of the late Duke of Clarence filled the whole country with rejoicing. Last winter it was definitely announced that their Majesties intended to live at Frogmore House while the Castle was in the hands of workmen. It is a fact that several alterations have been made in the interior of the Royal dower-house and that the place is now quite ready for occupation. It will be remembered that Frogmore House was the home for many years of the late Duchess of Kent. The last Royal couple to inhabit it were Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, to whom the little estate was lent some three years ago.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Of course, the fogs of the last week or two have driven everybody into the most voluble oburgations, and one hears on every side deep, if not loud, regrets at having to spend Christmas in England when the sun is shining and violets are growing in other and happier lands. But, after all, there is a good deal of sympathetic



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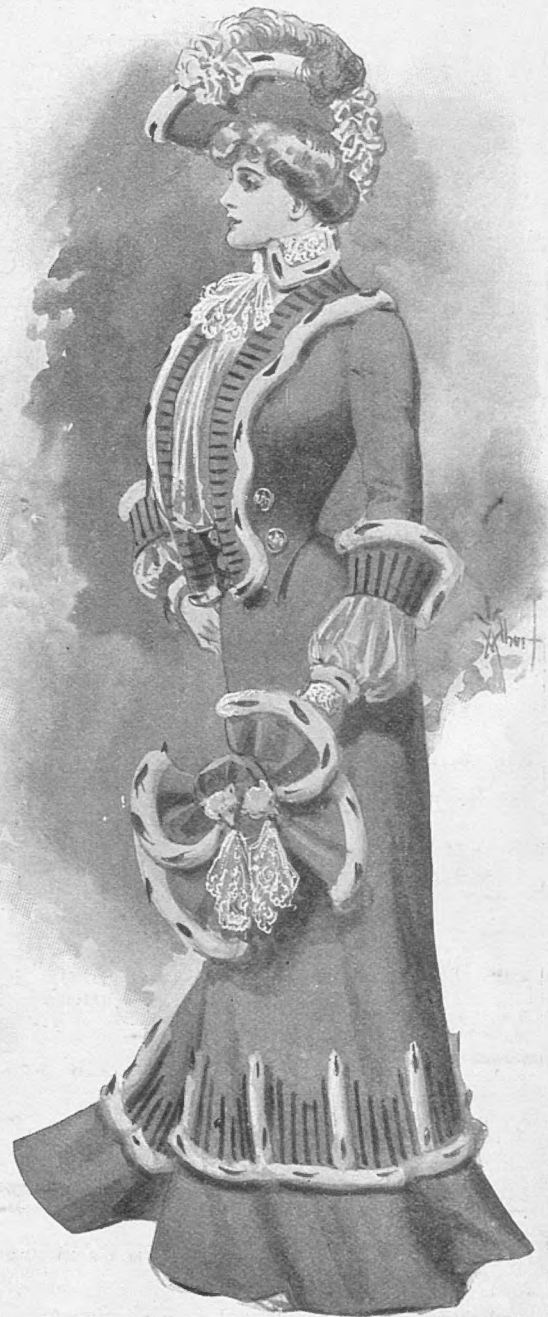
CAVALIER COAT OF BLUE VELVET WITH CHINCHILLA.

universality (to coin a word) in weathers, and from ill-used acquaintances on the Riviera who, feeling they have paid for fine weather, expect, with British love of fair play, to have it, I receive pages of grumbles at the grey skies and swollen clouds which have lately been their portion. As if hotels had not been plentiful enough, three monster caravanserais have started at Nice, and the largest of these, the Imperial Palace, is to open directly. From "Monte" I have accounts of new and most stringent rules following on recent disclosures concerning leakages of louis amongst the croupiers. Now one's stake must be on the table before the ball begins to revolve, while at *trente et quarante* the *tailleur* has orders to stop dealing the cards until M'sieu or Madame has laid his or her stake on the cloth. Splendid costumes begin to enliven the evenings once more, and, as usual, coming fashions are chiefly exploited by ladies of subterranean notoriety, Americans being at the moment few, and English fewer, though all the villas are let and the hotel accommodation plentifully patronised. At Mentone, Madame Christine Nilsson's arrival this week is looked on with interest. She has that little earthly paradise, the Château Valaya, which used to be the scene of so many pleasant English reunions under poor Lady Forester's régime. I hear the Countess Miranda has added the last touch of luxury in the present decoration of the villa. The Duchesse de Choiseul-Praslin, an American with all the Transatlantic taste in dress, has arrived also,

with husband, daughter, and an infinity of new clothes which her tall, graceful figure enables her to show off to extremest advantage.

People are tremendously keen to know the exact date of the Coronation, so much house-letting and other contingencies await its official declaration. *On dit*, the Duke of Norfolk is pestered with applications as to the when, but for obvious reasons he has withheld the naming of dates up to the present. It will give some slight idea of the scale on which preparations are being made when it is added that a Royal commission for thirty large and luxuriously appointed houses has been given to one firm of house-agents, who have *carte blanche* to offer four liberal figures in each case for the months of June and July. The trade of house-letting evidently has its compensations.

What an epidemic of bridals and engagements there has been of late, to be sure! One begins to think there will not be an eligible bachelor left within the Four Seas soon. In Ireland, but especially in Wicklow, of course, they are excessively intrigued over Lord Wicklow's engagement to Lady Gladys Hamilton. She is so absolutely pretty—like a bit of delicate Dresden china—and the bridegroom-elect "one of the best," by universal verdict. It was in his lovely old place, Shelton Abbey, that Tommy Moore sat down on a summer day to write "The Meeting of the Waters." I remember hearing from an ancient relative long



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BROWN CLOTH WITH ERMINE AND BLACK BRAID.

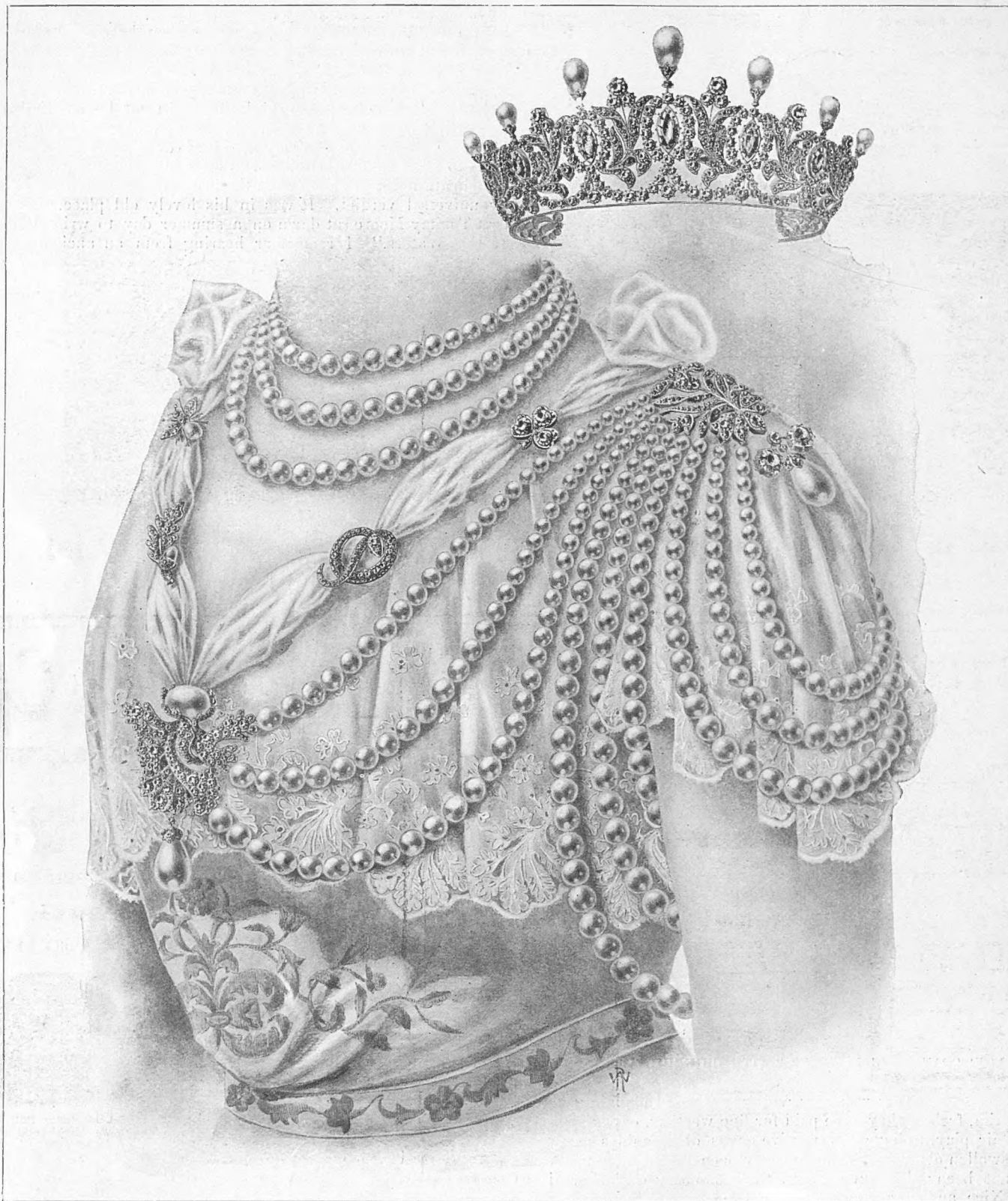
since dust how exquisitely the poet used to sing it, even without any voice to speak of—

Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best!
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace;

and how Tommy's audience would melt into tears over the great little man's exquisite sense of pathos. The Vale of Avoca is, as all the world knoweth, in the grounds of Shelton.

Distressful Ireland should take heart of grace this winter, seeing how its various industries are being exploited by the one-time brutal Saxon. Irish friezes are in for a great revival—that is, the lighter sorts which can be applied to frocks feminine. Also the Donegal carpets, so well made and so cheap, come in for a large measure of appreciation, while Irish crochet and other laces have developed into a positive craze, more especially the beautiful Carriemacross guipure and appliqué. I have also heard of an increased demand for Irish poplin for tea-gowns and evening-wraps, although I have not seen it, so far, much in use. No material drapes better or keeps its colour so faithfully, the ingredients

for the purchase of such Christmas or wedding gifts in the great sale at Messrs. Norman and Stacey's, 252, Tottenham Court Road, which is now going on. This enterprising firm bought up at half-cost the stocks of seven separate manufacturers, stocks which they are retailing at really ridiculous prices for cash. Exquisite examples of all the periods in furniture are on sale at figures which do not represent half the mere price of production, while an enormous stock of carpets in most fascinating combinations of colour and tone are marked at figures which, under ordinary circumstances, would not pay for the mere wool from which they are woven. Again, for anyone



DIAMONDS AND PEARLS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

of Irish poplin being silk and wool, and so rendering it far superior to the cotton-admixed French imitations.

In connection with the endless list of recent and forthcoming marriages, one hears a good many freely expressed opinions on the subject of wedding presents, the upshot of it being that brides all wish and long for pretty *bibelots* and dainty devices in furniture, while their acquaintances persist in showering white elephants in the way of silver to such an extent that in most cases it would require an extra servant to keep all these presents of plate or plated in order. Decorative bits of furniture are always so welcome that it is surprising people do not dispense them more generally. In this connection it may be remarked that an exceptionally favourable opportunity presents itself

wanting a piano this sale is a particular opportunity, instruments of guaranteed tone and finish being sold off at twenty guineas below the makers' wholesale prices. In a word, there has not been such a sale in the Metropolis for long, and country cousins meditating a visit to town should educate themselves into opportunities beforehand by sending for a catalogue without delay. This gives lists of everything in the sale, and will be sent by return of post. Messrs. Norman and Stacey were, at their City premises 118, Queen Victoria Street, it will be remembered, originators of the gradual-payment system for the Upper Classes, by which they have achieved so wide-reaching a reputation for excellent material and moderate prices.

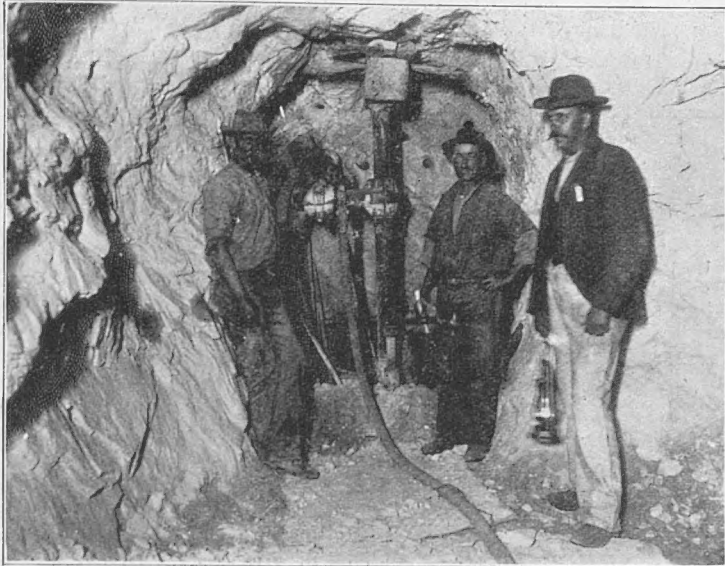
SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on November 26.

THE GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

THE eel is said to get accustomed to the process of skinning, but nobody has ever suggested that the poor fish likes it, and the case is very much the same with the Stock Exchange. The mid-winter of 1899 was gloomy enough with the defeats of Methuen, Gatacre, and Buller, and the following year the Globe smash made the



UNDERGROUND IN THE EURO GOLD-MINE: FACE OF SOUTH DRIVE.

very foundations of the House rock, while the prospect of a further issue of Consols, dear money, and possible complications in Paris and Berlin now makes the nerves of even the strongest broker unsteady. As we write, the feeling is very pessimistic, but nineteen-day Accounts are not conducive to gaiety, and it may be that, for the present, the worst is over. What sort of nerves the Stock Exchange has at present our readers may guess from the marking down of Consols $\frac{3}{4}$ in one day on the very sensible speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he said nothing more than all the world knew for the last three or four months.

HOME RAILS.

It is not remarkable that the little spurt in Home Rails should have been succeeded by a new period of dulness and inactivity. The volume of public buying is as small as ever, and, although prices are said to be temptingly low, there is hardly any hope that dividends for the current half-year can improve upon those declared for the corresponding period of 1900. In fact, the market half-wonders whether those distributions can be maintained. The Midland and North-Western Companies each record a decline of about £50,000 for the past eighteen weeks. The North-Eastern decrease is £41,597, and the Great Northern £11,730. These losses may be largely reduced—perhaps wholly wiped out—when under-estimation is considered, while respective gains of £71,310 and £27,179 by the Great Western and the Great Eastern may be added to when the accounts are published. The last two companies might possibly increase their dividends, although we doubt whether the Great Eastern would perpetrate such a reckless piece of finance, but, after all, the rate obtainable by a purchase of Home Rails at to-day's prices is a meagre matter when the interest is calculated upon the basis of the last two half-yearly declarations. This, of course, is the only way (to quote Martin Harvey) for working out the yield to buyers, and we rub our eyes in astonishment to see it stated, in the gracefully written City article of an unillustrated contemporary, that Home Rails can be bought to yield from $4\frac{1}{8}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money! Great Eastern, we are told, yields the former rate, Great Western $4\frac{1}{8}$, Midland $4\frac{1}{4}$, South-Western Ordinary $4\frac{1}{8}$, and North-Eastern $4\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. It is pointed out, says our cautious authority, without mentioning where the rude pointer hails from, that these stocks yield these wonderful rates on the "basis of the dividend for the second half of 1900." Surely the marks of exclamation must have been omitted which would have made clear to us the fact that the writer was indulging in some huge joke in making such calculations, the lean half of the year being entirely ignored. It is hard enough to have to put up with yields (to be correct) between $3\frac{1}{4}$ and $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on Midland Deferred, South-Western Ordinary, and North-Western Consolidated, of still less on Great Western, and some $3\frac{3}{4}$ on Berwicks, without having to suffer congratulations upon getting a much higher rate; and it is surely adding insult to the unhappy Great Eastern stockholder's $2\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. to admire a visionary $4\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. which he is said to be receiving. An insult is the last thing they might have expected in the *World*.

THE MINING MARKETS.

Unless the charitable public come in, and that speedily, to ameliorate the lot of dealers in the Kaffir Circus, there will be something serious

happen. Most of the jobbers are living more or less upon capital which, unlike the widow's cruse, cannot last for an indefinite period. There is no inducement for the public to buy Kaffirs now, and the occasional marking-down of prices which goes on is caused by sales on behalf of market operators, who try to recoup by private speculation what they lose in consequence of the dearth of business. With no prospect of an early termination to the War, there is little ground for advising a purchase of South Africans, but our opinion is that those who quietly buy parcels of the best Gold shares when the latter are flat and depressed will see their money back again with handsome interest in the long run.

West Australians are an uncertain market, and opinions in the House are sharply divided over the values of leading shares. Merely to give a single example, we may mention that two thoroughly impartial jobbers to whom we were chatting about Lake Views were at utter variance with one another. One said that his information led him to firmly believe the shares would go to 20; the other expressed an equally firm belief that Lake Views are intrinsically worth less shillings than they are now pounds. When doctors disagree, let the wise man keep away from the disease. Under Mr. Govett's chairmanship, the Lake View and Ivanhoe Companies will at least have fair play; the latter has now 100 stamps working, and, if the October crushing of 11,214 ounces can be maintained, the shares should be worth 10, market influences not considered. Our illustrations are of the Euro Mine, whose 40-stamp mill has just started running.

The West African department is teeming with shorts whose accounts will make the best security for market strength. It is exhilarating to have the Ashanti Sansu Mine—whose shares we have suggested several times as worth attention—announcing a return of 900 oz. of gold from 800 tons. Not that the performance is in itself brilliant, but it shows that work is actually being done on one property, at all events. Perhaps the day may even come when the Jungle will have producers as steady and regular as the Colar field. And, even now, Indian shares hardly appear too expensive, considering the dividends they pay.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stranger was beginning to feel his feet, as he put it. He had even got as far as being introduced to a firm of brokers in Warnford Court, and, having nothing to do the other morning, he strolled into the City.

Outside the Stock Exchange he met a young man, in whom he recognised a clerk of one of his brokers.

"Busy this morning?" he asked, with a view to opening up conversation.

"Not particularly, sir," replied the clerk. "They are playing the fool in there," nodding towards the door of the House.

"I should rather like to see them," remarked The Stroller, as he gazed at the notice forbidding entrance to all but members.

"I'll take you round, if you like," the young man volunteered. "Better leave your overcoat somewhere, though, and take my dealing-book. Here it is."

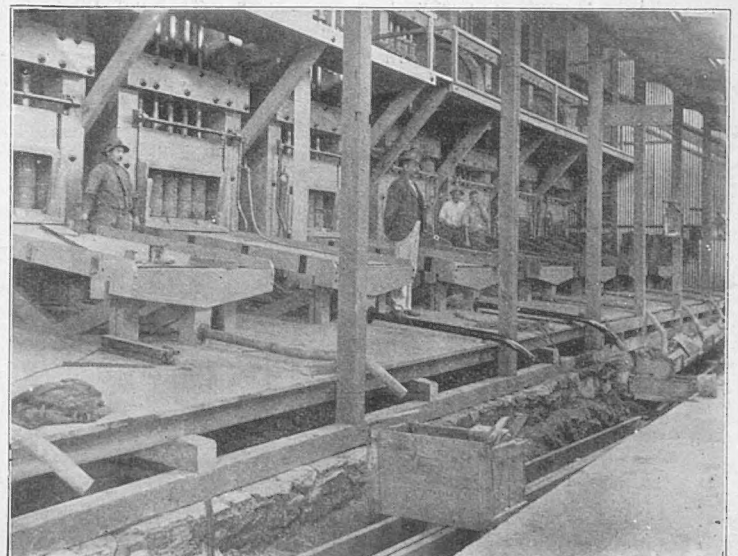
The coat was soon disposed of, and The Stranger, adding one more to the number of unauthorised people who have seen the inside of the Stock Exchange, followed his guide through the preliminary swing-doors.

"Don't look about you much," whispered his mentor. "This is the Yankee Market."

The Stranger listened to the roar with an utterly bewildered air which nearly betrayed him. The clerk skilfully got between two old gentlemen who were looking at his charge rather suspiciously.

"Looks uncommonly like a Fourteen Hundred," observed one of them. "But, as I was saying just now, all the jobbers here tell me that nobody on this side of the ocean is doing any business in Yankees."

"Yes, I've heard that too," rejoined the second; "but where on earth does the trade spring from, then? Is it all from New York?"



EURO GOLD-MINE: NEW BATTERY.

From Photographs by Drinkwater, Menzies, West Australia.

"Eighty per cent. of it is on behalf of the American houses, certainly. And they're going to have them better yet, I'm told, although—"

The Stranger lost the last part of the sentence, being cannoned violently into a diminutive man, whom he quite expected would vehemently protest against the outrage. But the latter took no notice.

"Used to it, I suppose," thought The Stranger. "I say," he went on aloud to his leader, "do you mind asking what Southerners are?"

The Clerk dived into a hurly-burly of agitated legs, faces, and voices. Emerging, he gave his client the eighth price.

"Got a good profit on them now," remarked The Stroller. "Go and sell mine, will you please," he ordered.

The young man asked him not to talk so loudly, and again departed to execute the behest.

"Water, gents, water!" and, before The Stranger could withdraw his feet, he found both boots liberally sprinkled from the spray of a long-nosed watering-can. The waiter manipulating the can turned round to apologise, when up came the young man, who seized our friend by the arm and hurried him off.

"Narrow squeak that!" quoth the former, looking uncomfortable. "That particular waiter knows everybody. I sold your Southerners at seven-eighths, sir."

"Thank you. What's all that row about over there?"

"Only the Mining Markets. Do you care to come over?" reluctance manifesting itself in the tone and voice.

But The Stranger was enjoying the semi-sense of danger too much to heed the hint. "Certainly!" he agreed. "It's no use my coming into the Stock Exchange—"

"Oh, do speak lower!" implored his unhappy friend.

"—and leaving without a peep at the Mining Markets. Where are Kaffirs kept?"

The Youth, before whose eyes floated ever-increasing fears of suspension and expulsion, threaded his way to the edge of the crowd.

"Close either side of the nine in five hundred Chartered," someone was shouting.

"Wonder whether Chartered will ever be nine pounds again?" audibly soliloquised a jobber.

"Not they!" retorted another, who evidently overheard. "Not they! Just look at the common sense of the thing. Here you have Chartered shares capitalised at something over ten million pounds sterling. To pay 5 per cent. on that will take"—he paused for a moment—"will take a quarter of a million sterling. Where's the money coming from?"

"I've given up taking common-sense views of things—"

"Good gracious, my dear fellow! Don't talk as though you were on the point of joining the Cabinet!"

"I mean," laughed the other, "that I think the sentimental plays a larger part than the practical in determining the value of Chartered."

"Then you think, naturally, that the price will go to 3, eh?"

"M'yes. Must confess that I'm rather that—"

The Stranger yielded to the gentle pressure on his elbow and moved away. "I'm going over there," he declared, beginning to feel almost bold. "What's that?"

"Jungle, sir," replied his guide, as shortly as he dared speak to a new client.

"Just what I want to see!" and The Stranger made tracks for another knot of noisy dealers.

"They're twisting the bears' tails this time, aren't they?" gleefully exclaimed a little dark fellow whose eyes danced with excitement. "There's music for you!" as a hoarse voice bid for Wassau and Amalgamated.

"I hope sincerely that the West African Market will settle down into some sort of decent quietness," a broker said. "There's a piece of disinterestedness for you!"

"I'm not so hopeful for that myself," returned the dark speaker, "but I fear that is what we shall come to. Speculation over here won't be very gay for another few months, I know."

"Better emigrate to the Westralian Market," suggested another. Suddenly turning, he saw The Stranger's eyes fixed upon his face. "Hullo!" he cried, "aren't you the chap I met outside one evening—?"

But the clerk had taken in the situation at a glance and was pushing warningly at The Stroller's arm. The door was close at hand, and they both slipped out.

Saturday, Nov. 9, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CHIPS.—The Banks you name are all sound concerns, and we prefer them to the Insurance Companies. You might consider the London Bank of the River Plate and the Bank of Egypt, both of which we prefer to the National of New Zealand.

DEBENTURE-HOLDER.—The deduction of income-tax is legal, but you can recover from the Government on a certificate from the Company that it has been paid if your total income is below the minimum on which income-tax is chargeable.

READER CITY NOTES.—The meeting is held in July of each year. The shares are, in our opinion, worth buying at the present absurdly low price.

GROUSE.—The last dividend was sixpence a share, paid in April 1897.

W. E. J.—Your letter was answered on the 7th inst. The Lady's Pictorial report is out and bears out what we wrote.

OPHIR.—You are the sort of person who ought to keep his money in an old stocking, for, if you will use it, you must run risks. The only investment you have about which there is any doubt is South-Eastern Railway Deferred. You might realise that. As to Consols, County Council stock, the best Railways, and even Maple Preference, your income is safe enough, and you had better make up your mind to hold for a few years, never looking at a paper for prices all the time.

"BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE TRANSVAAL."

THIS highly interesting and important book on South Africa presents to us in a very graphic and vivid manner the reminiscences of its author, Mr. David Mackay Wilson, who was for many years connected with the administration of the goldfields in the Transvaal. An English Colonial, born in South Africa, and "practically the first Gold Commissioner of the first goldfields in the Transvaal, and Father of the Gold Law of the country," Mr. Wilson feels that he is in a position to speak authoritatively on matters that come within the scope of the principal industry of the world-famous Rand. At the same time, his long and intimate acquaintance with the inner affairs of the Government of the chief Boer Republic has given him many unique opportunities for forming an accurate impression of its true position. The result of his observations he has embodied in the present volume, to which he has given the suggestive title "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal" (Cassell and Co.).

It seems that it was Mr. Wilson's lifelong habit to keep and enter into note-books particulars of the various happenings and incidents which have interested him throughout his life. Now, his expulsion from the Transvaal, with other non-burghers, has afforded him an opportunity to place on more lasting record some of the results of his seventeen years' close relationship with Pretoria. Contributing as he does many novel and striking notes to our knowledge of the country, his book should receive a warm welcome at the hands of the general public. The volume abounds in well-told anecdotes and "modern instances" of adventure and episode, as well as in pithy characterisations of the life, ways, and manners of the Boers. Perhaps the author does not tell us much that is exactly new in regard to our "Brother Boer," but he certainly enables us to get a better, fuller, and more accurate portrait of him.

In his narrative, Mr. Wilson makes no attempt to observe the strict chronological order or due sequence of events, but he has strung together such incidents as he thinks will best illustrate the points he desires to emphasise. In particular, he wishes to give a correct idea of the gradual development of the Transvaal official from the poverty-stricken individual that character was in the days when Mr. Wilson first knew him, into the fat, full-fed, and arrogantly opulent man—who might be said to be the direct outcome of the amazing wealth brought into the Boer country by the discoveries of gold in the Witwatersrand and elsewhere. "My main and objective point," writes the author, "has been to depict the oligarchic character of the Transvaal Government, and show that it has always been a synonym for the business firm of Kruger and Co., Limited—limited in the number of the favoured members who formed the company, unlimited in the extent of its field of operations." All this Mr. Wilson certainly does in the most convincing way in his excellent book. To everyone interested in the mining industry in South Africa, "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal" should be very attractive reading. And not less so to the general public, as the story it tells is a most absorbing and fascinating addition to our knowledge of South Africa and its somewhat "peculiar" history.

THE RIVIERA SEASON.—A series of tours to the South of France and Italy at exceptionally low fares has been arranged for the present Season by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, *via* the Newhaven and Dieppe route. These tours cover the entire French and Italian Riviera and the Italian cities as far as Naples. By a ticket costing £10 first-class, and £7 7s. second-class, it is now possible to visit the whole Riviera Coast between Cette and Genoa, including Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo, San Remo, &c. The return journey is made from Genoa, but an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice can be arranged, if required, at small additional cost, with return either *via* the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard (Italian Lakes) route.

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Nov. 13, 1901.

Signature.....